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FROM WASHINGTON

BLAMING AMERICA FIRST

One oddity of the so-called new patriotism in America is a subtle undercurrent of contempt for American values. This strain of thinking has been especially noticeable in the reaction of conservative commentators and intellectuals to the Walker spy case and the TWA hijacking. Democracy, liberty, even capitalism are presented as debilitating self-indulgences in the fight against the forces of evil in the world.

Some conservatives speak almost wistfully of the advantages enjoyed by ruthless totalitarians on the one hand and medieval religious zealots on the other, compared to the fluttery, distracted, secular, civilized societies of the West. We are caught, it seems, at a tragically vulnerable stage in political evolution, at the mercy of both the pre-civilized passions of Islamic fundamentalism and the post-civilized machinations of the Soviet Union. "Democracy," writes Jean-François Revel in his oft-cited recent book, *How Democracies Perish* (Doubleday), ". . . is not basically structured to defend itself against outside enemies."

There are five counts in the indictment. First, liberal democratic societies weaken themselves through constant internal criticism. At a recent conservative conference, the philosopher Sidney Hook mourned about "how fragile a self-governing democratic society is. . . . For its very own rationale encourages a constant critical approach that its enemies can exploit to weaken it." Revel, in his book, complains that "democracy faces an internal enemy whose right to exist is written into the law itself."

Second, liberal democracies are fickle. We don't know what we want, or we think we know and then change our minds. We start a defense buildup, and then lose interest halfway through. We lack the single-minded concentration on destroying our enemies that fundamentalism breeds from below and communism imposes from above.

Third, nations like America are too decent and humanitarian for our own damn good. Midge Decter, head of the Committee for the Free World, complained at another recent conservative conference that such scruples had "hamstrung" the Reagan administration about using American military might. Many conservatives argue that a naive fastidiousness about human life, even innocent American human life, stupidly prevented us from giving the Beirut terrorists a taste of their own medicine.

Fourth, the openness of American society makes us too easy a target for espionage and subversion. Secretary of State George Shultz observed at (yes) yet another conservative conference that "the very qualities that make democracies so hateful to the terrorists also make them so vulnerable. Precisely because we maintain the most open societies, terrorists have unparalleled opportunity to strike against us." In the wake of the Walker case, many have made the same point about spies.

Fifth, and most ironic, capitalist affluence itself turns a society flabby and distracts it from the urgent task of survival. Obsessed with consumption, we refuse the necessary sacrifices, financial and personal, to protect ourselves.

And uniting all these complaints is a thorough exasperation with America's free press, which amplifies dissent, undermines consensus, thwarts realpolitik by sentimentalizing every situation, publishes government secrets, and stimulates consumer appetites.

Is it really so grim? In the true spirit of patriotism, why not reflect on some of the obvious advantages a liberal democracy like America enjoys over the world's uncivilized forces, even by the most practical and unsentimental calculation. Consider just four.

First, capitalist prosperity means we don't face any genuinely painful trade-off between a strong defense and satisfying our private appetites. The July 6 *Economist* argues that Mikhail Gorbachev will soon have to choose between "a crash defence build-up" and "rescuing the Soviet economy." Our leaders

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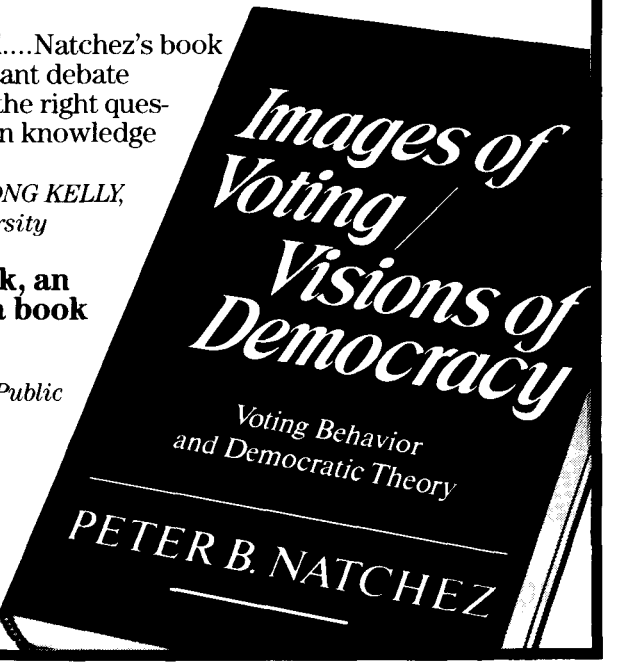

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"I think in general, at least for women, relationships and love play too great a role in their lives."

--Cartoonist Lynda Barry, in an interview with co-host Susan Stamberg on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

"...the British simply lost the art of cussing a real blue streak." *"The conquering Normans looked down upon the crude Saxons and scorned their language. Then in the 16th century, Henry VIII broke with Rome, and, bit by bit, the British simply lost the art of cussing a real blue streak."*

--National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" commentator John Ciardi, etymologist and poet.

"Now they oppose the humane defense [program] because it is not terrible enough." *"There was a time when... [scientists critical of President Reagan's Star Wars program] opposed the hydrogen bomb because it was too terrible. Now they oppose the humane defense [program] because it is not terrible enough."*

--Physicist Edward Teller, father of the H-bomb, in an interview with co-host Noah Adams on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

"...the white male problem..." *"When two or more Democrats get together these days, the conversation quickly turns to what they call the "white male problem"--the fact that Ronald Reagan and Republican candidates all over the country won the overwhelming majority of the votes of white men in the last election."*

--Cokie Roberts, National Public Radio's congressional correspondent.

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--Rock star Little Richard, in an interview with host Bob Edwards, on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition."

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CORRESPONDENCE

JUMBLING REVOLUTIONARIES

To the editors:

Conor Cruise O'Brien's review of the biographies of Chaim Weizmann, Ben-Gurion, and Berl Katznelson ("Three Who Made A Revolution," June 17) is perceptive and sympathetic with one exception: his reiterated suggestion that these men professed convictions for tactical reasons rather than principle. He writes damningly: "In fact, the main difference between Ben-Gurion and Jabotinsky, in relationship to the Arabs, seems to have been that Jabotinsky was a lot more candid on the subject than Ben-Gurion (or Weizmann) judged it expedient to be." That after vain attempts at conciliation, punctiliously recorded in *My Talks with Arab Leaders*, Ben-Gurion realized that his hopes were illusory hardly warrants comparison with Begin's mentor, Jabotinsky.

Most readers of TNR have plenty of material by which to judge Weizmann or Ben-Gurion; however, few have probably heard of Berl, loved and honored as the moral and intellectual "teacher" of pioneer Palestine. Those of us who were Berl's friends are not likely to recognize the figure emerging from the review; I do not know in what measure Mr. O'Brien depends on the English abridgment of the much lengthier Hebrew original. In any case, a corrective seems in order. The young Berl arrived in Palestine equipped with the utopian baggage of his generation: impoverished Arab fellahin, instead of slaving for absentee landlords, would join with Jewish workers in building a cooperative society in the wastes of Palestine. In this belief he was a romantic, but not incurable. In time he learned the grim lessons provided by Arab enmity. But even when his political expectations changed he was guided by the socialist ethos "to each according to his need." And he never abandoned his commitment to the socialism he preached for 25 years—an unorthodox, indigenous socialism that stressed the creation of a Jewish agricultural working class rather than class struggle. How does a review of a book titled *The Biography of a Socialist Zionist* ignore the primary activity of Berl's life?

On the other hand, almost perversely, Mr. O'Brien keeps insisting on the odious comparison with Jabotinsky, Berl's ideological adversary. Berl defined the difference between Labor and Revisionism. In 1934 he wrote: "Our criterion of revolutionary success is not the quantity of bloodshed (as the prophet of revolutionary Zionism asserts) but its constructive achievement." The "prophet," of course, was Jabotinsky. When in 1940, during the martyrdom of European Jewry, Berl called for a Jewish state, the reviewer writes that he followed "Jabotinsky's example." In 1941 Berl explained: "If it were possible to have a regime that assures free immigration and settlement in Palestine, the existence of a Jewish state as such would become of secondary importance." Jabotinsky's prime goal from the beginning had been a martial state with attendant trappings. To reduce the fundamental cleavage between Revisionism and Socialist Zionism to degrees of "candor" and retroactively to impugn the honesty of beliefs once rosily held is as misleading as hagiography.

On a personal level I cannot reconcile the narrow bigot suggested by Mr. O'Brien's quotation from Shapira—"no non-Jews ever entered his home"—with the largeness of spirit of the man readily met in a kibbutz dining hall or over a glass of tea in a café in Tel Aviv—the preferred social style. However, my chief reservation is the fashionable homogenizing of the great Zionist figures of the right and left in which the reviewer indulges. Had Berl lived to see the course of events—he died in 1944—he would have mourned as well as rejoiced. But if the harvest is not as hoped, those who judge the seed should consider what evil weather befell the best of the planters.

MARIE SYRKIN
New York, New York

BALANCED UNCOVERAGE

To the editors:

The explanation of the photograph of the two bare-breasted women on page 25 in the June 10 *Newsweek*, requested on page seven of the June 24 TNR (Notebook), is quite simple. It is there to balance the magnificent full-page photograph of a well-endowed male crotch clad in underwear of some brand or other (sorry, I never did notice the name) in an ad on the other side of the staple. My husband and I were unable to agree on which of these illustrations to keep the magazine open to and solved the problem by throwing the whole thing out. Assuming this was the desired result, one could ask for no better demonstration of editorial subtlety.

I will be happy to receive the prize offered but am somewhat apprehensive as to its nature.

MARIAN URY
Oakland, California

NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT

To the editors:

I think both the "constitutional structure of the Fifth Republic" and President Mitterrand's "persona" are a lot less fissile than David A. Bell imagines ("Le Gerrymander," June 3).

Proportional representation in the French National Assembly does not mean de Gaulle's grand edifice is doomed to come apart. On the contrary, some might argue that the inevitable pull toward the ideological center resulting from proportional representation will actually save the Fifth Republic from the dangerous polarization it is now undergoing.

As to the supposed existence of "two Mitterrands"—one the devious schemer, the other the lofty dreamer—a good politician needs a bit of both. I don't think President Mitterrand's wholeness needs to be questioned just because he exemplifies his profession.

PETER S. RASHISH
Paris, France

BAD HABITS

To the editors:

Benjamin R. Barber's review of *Habits of the Heart* by Bellah, Madsen, Sullivan, Swidler, and Tipton ("United States of Anomie," May 20) demonstrates that old and tired arguments are still in vogue. Is it really illuminating to read of a political scientist accusing a group of sociologists of having politically tin ears?

What Barber apparently missed in

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JULY 29, 1985

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

President Reagan and his minions sincerely believe the crisis over the hijacking of Trans World Airlines flight 847 has been successfully resolved. The hostages are free, and Reagan's standing in public opinion polls is soaring again. Ergo, he must have done something terribly right in his handling of the hostage affair. But a blip in popularity is no measure of success. President Kennedy understood this 24 years ago when, after the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion, an unprecedented 82 percent of the public backed his administration in a Gallup Poll. "It's just like Eisenhower," he said. "The worse I do, the more popular I get."

The bitter truth about the hostage crisis is that, despite the safe return of the 39 American tourists, it was no more a triumph for America than the Bay of Pigs. Both the Shiite terrorists who commandeered the airplane and the Amal militiamen, led by Nabih Berri, who facilitated the return of the hostages got just what they demanded. Terrorism worked. And because it did, the wave of hijackings, explosions, and bomb threats is sure to continue, and now may be aimed more at American targets.

What did the terrorists want? The call for the release of 766 Lebanese, mostly Shiites, held in Israel was just a pretext, for Israel already had announced that the Lebanese soon would be set free. The fact that Israel still holds some 400 of the prisoners, and now seems in no hurry to release them, confirms that freeing these people was not the terrorists' principal concern. What they sought was the humiliation of the United States. Mortification was achieved. Yellow ribbons, an unintended symbol of national weakness, went up across America, while the administration, insisting it would not negotiate with terrorists, did precisely that.

The terrorists were especially bent on getting their extremist propaganda thrust on the world—America in particular. And they accomplished this in spades. Brandishing their guns, they bullied their way onto the television networks. They presented sympathizers among the hostages for TV interviews. They held press conferences at which Berri repeated the spurious analogy between the Lebanese in Israel and American tourists. The final jewel in the crown of moral equivalence was hostage Allyn Conwell's statement that the yellow ribbons should not come down in America until all the Lebanese had been released by Israel. You couldn't buy that kind of anti-Israel advertising.

Two more things. Arab terrorists have no fonder dreams than poisoning relations between the United States and Israel, and ending prospects for a peace settlement in the Middle East. The hijackers made perceptible headway on both. The administration sent conflicting signals to Israel, some officials declaring that Israel shouldn't consider complying with the terrorists' demand for release of the 766, others implying that Israel was the chief impediment to the release of the American hostages. Even more corrosive was the crude comment of an unnamed White House official that Americans of the "Jewish faith" were obliged to pressure Israel to let the 766 go. The result was inevitable: polls showed that American support for Israel plummeted during the ordeal, though it bounced right back again when the crisis was over.

At the same time, the movement toward a Mideast settlement, tentative as it was, crashed to a halt. The terrorists wanted to make sure that the bid by Jordan's King Hussein (with American encouragement) to bring Yasir Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization into talks with Israel got nowhere. They destroyed a Jordanian airliner, and a week later launched the TWA hijacking. Talk of a settlement was all but silenced. The so-called moderate Arabs had been gaining stature. Now they are weakened, and the irreconcilable foes of Israel are strengthened. Consider who gained the most in the hostage crisis—Hafez al-Assad of Syria. He is the new force to be reckoned with. And his game is not to forge peace between Israel and its neighbors, but to make certain that peace does not break out.

Such was the fallout from the hostage episode. Still, there are lessons to be learned. They include:

Retaliation. An act of terrorism without retaliation invites an encore. Some random acts of violence with no obvious perpetrator defy reprisal. But that is not the case in the hijacking. The perpetrators are known, and Secretary of State George Shultz says the identity of the two terrorists who beat and killed Navy diver Robert Stethem has been established. So has the site of terrorist training

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camps in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley. And it's no secret which countries sponsor terrorism—Libya, Iran, Syria. If striking at sponsor nations is too bold, there's always the Beirut airport, a hotbed of terrorist activity and hijackings.

The point is to exact a high cost for an act of terrorism. "We cannot allow ourselves to become the Hamlet of nations, worrying endlessly over whether and how to respond," Shultz declared last October. He had the novel idea of going after terrorists even if their guilt had not been established beyond the shadow of a doubt. But now, instead of retaliating, the administration is haggling over legalisms. Is it permissible to kill Stethem's murderers? Should we try to close the Beirut airport? Shultz is talking about extraditing the killers from Lebanon. Who would the request for extradition go to but Lebanon's minister of justice? That's Nabih Berri! Shultz wavered when allies refused to go along with his plan to shut down the Beirut airport. Our allies should be told plainly that they can land in Beirut or they can land in the United States. Even better, we can make the decision for them by putting the airport out of commission. Stethem's killers should be brought to justice swiftly. The Bekaa training camps should be attacked if it can be done without heavy loss of innocent lives (including those of the seven Americans still held by Shiite terrorists in the region).

Media. To say that the American press, notably television, was shamelessly used by the terrorists is not to indulge in media-bashing. It is a statement of fact, which some journalists have had the courage to acknowledge. Others have blamed the hostages themselves for pro-Shiite utterances. But men like Conwell, who said he had "profound sympathy" for the terrorists' cause, can be excused because they were under extreme duress. The media don't have that excuse.

Access to the media is one of the benefits of terrorism. And just as surely as the cost of terrorism must be raised, the benefits must be reduced. The media can do this on their own, without any peril to the First Amendment. Legitimate limits should be set on the kind of coverage given to terrorists. This isn't to suggest that terrorism would cease if it went unreported. But media restraint, which shouldn't be an oxymoron, would take away an incentive for terrorism. That can't hurt.

Syria. Assad's timely assistance in setting the hostages free does not mean that he and Syria are now our allies. Far from it. Assad hasn't changed his policies; he's still not willing to accept peace with Israel. Nor is he a foe of terrorism. His help in freeing the hostages is like a bank robber returning a bit of the money. The hijacking would never have taken place if Assad hadn't wanted it to. Nor would the bombings of the U.S. Embassy in Beirut. Nor would the bombing of the Marine barracks at the Beirut airport in 1983 that killed 241 American soldiers. All were carried out by Shiite terrorists from parts of Lebanon under Syria's iron control. On July 9 two suicide bombers killed a dozen people in southern Lebanon. A few hours later a pro-Syrian Lebanese faction released videotapes of the two martyrs thanking President Assad for his support.

Assad has the power to secure release of the seven Americans still held by Shiite terrorists in Lebanon. They are held at his indulgence, in a part of Lebanon directly under his control. His blithe dismissal of Reagan's plea for help on this should not be tolerated. In a speech to the American Bar Association July 8, Reagan absurdly omitted Syria from the list of "outlaw" nations that direct terrorism. But favors like this won't win Assad over. Demanding that Assad get the seven out by a specific date might work. An ultimatum would concentrate his mind.

Israel. A terrorist attack should not be allowed to drive a wedge between the United States and Israel. Nor should flirtatious glances from common foes like Berri and Assad. American and Israeli officials must be sensitive to each other's domestic political needs. Certainly Itzhak Rabin, the Israeli defense minister, fell short when he declared on American TV that the hostages were America's problem, not Israel's. That was technically true but better left unsaid. But American suggestions that the hijacking was in part Israel's fault because it was holding 766 Lebanese didn't help either. Commonality of interest finally prevailed, as it should have.

Reagan. Liberals who feared the president would be even more bellicose in his final term can sleep easy. He's a pussycat, even when tougher conduct is called for, as it was in the hijacking. A few of his public statements were strongly worded, but his actions were consistently passive. Why no rescue mission in Beirut? Reagan ruled out the military option from the start. He was obsessed merely with getting the hostages back alive. When that meant issuing a statement about respecting Lebanon's so-called territorial integrity (a fiction, if there ever was one), he complied. Worse, he gave the terrorists a final bouquet by hosting a welcome-back ceremony for the hostages at Andrews Air Force Base. To their credit, several hostages thought the ceremony was a national embarrassment and stayed away.

The effectiveness of Reagan as a national leader has been that true conviction buttressed his strong words. But everything he did in the hostage crisis belied the I-mean-business image. Most hollow of all was his comment that he'd seen *Rambo* and would know how to act next time. Sorry, Mr. President. Terrorists will judge you by your actions, not by your empty words.

Deterrence. Can terrorism be deterred? Probably, but the jury is out on this. Deterrence is at least worth a try, and the best place to start would be an alliance of democratic nations against terrorism. It could be modeled after Alcoholics Anonymous, a kind of Waverers Anonymous. Each nation would bolster the others' will to resist the demands of terrorists and then to retaliate forcefully. And when a country falls off the wagon—as Greece did in returning a hijacker to TWA flight 847 and Switzerland did last November in releasing a member of the Islamic Jihad who had been caught preparing to bomb the American Embassy in Rome—they should be pilloried by the civilized world. But if allies won't go along, as they have refused to do in shutting down the Beirut airport, the president must act on his own. Even unilateral deterrence has its virtues.

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NOTEBOOK

□ HOW MANY COLUMNS DOES THE POPE HAVE? The National Pundits Association, the Opinion League of America, and the International Society of Columnists (AFL-CIO) have lodged a vigorous protest with press czar Rupert Murdoch over his decision to sign up Pope John Paul II to write a weekly syndicated column. The columnists, complaining that the pope is infallible, charge unfair competition. "Just as there is no place in our business for someone who is wrong all the time, so too there is no room for someone who is right all the time," explained O.L.A. chairperson J. William Medley, author of the syndicated column "Conventional Wisdom." Privately, Medley was heard to grumble, "If he's going to start writing columns, I'm going to start issuing encyclicals."

□ TAX-REFORM WATCH: The best coverage of the special interest battle against tax reform has been in *The Wall Street Journal*. A couple of weeks ago, for example, the *Journal* published a wonderful chart showing which industry groups had hired which Washington lobbying and law firms to protect their loopholes. But Washington lobbying isn't enough, as a *Journal* executive recently pointed out in a letter to various corporate Washington offices. "Generally, these lobbying efforts will fall short of their objective unless a ground swell of support can be generated to influence congressional legislation." The solution? " 'Single issue' groups" must develop "a sound strategy for successful '*Issue Management*' " including "special communications efforts." In particular, "The Wall Street Journal [is] an outstanding medium for issue management . . . which is right for your organization's campaign on tax reform issues." (O.K., O.K. Before the *Journal* charges us with hypocrisy or our own advertising department demands equal time, we should point out that TNR is an equally outstanding medium for messages at variance with our own strong support for tax reform. Rates available on request.)

□ THE RESULTS OF A NEWSWEEK-PRAVDA POLL? "He clearly enjoys the support of most of the Soviet people"—*Newsweek* on Mikhail Gorbachev, July 8.

□ BOOKCHAT CORNER: Steven Emerson's book *The American House of Saud* (Franklin Watts) details the influence of Saudi oil money on American politics. We have something of a vested interest in this book, since it originated in a series of articles in TNR. *The New York Times* chose to assign it for review to one Hoyt Purvis, special assistant and press secretary for many years to former senator J. William Fulbright. The review was negative, which is not surprising since Fulbright is well known as a leading Arab lobbyist and, as a glance at the index would have revealed, features prominently in the book. Apparently the discovery of this connection caused some consternation at the *Times*, which ran an odd notice in its news section the day the book appeared saying: "The Times does not knowingly assign such book reviews to anyone who has had close ties with anyone who is prominently mentioned in the book under consideration." This apparently was intended to suggest that the *Times* did not know about the Fulbright connection when it assigned Purvis the review. Yet the review itself identifies Purvis as "director of the Fulbright Institute of International Relations, University of Arkansas."

□ RIGHT TURN, WRONG TURN: Last week we inexplicably identified one of our regular contributors, William Schneider, as a writer for *National Review*. This is a sign not of growing conservatism but of typographical oversight. Schneider has never and (he assures us) will never write for *National Review*. He does plan to continue writing for *National Journal*.

□ NEWS FLASH: A Vatican spokesman says reports that John Paul II will be writing a syndicated column are "laughable." We reached J. William Medley in New York, where he was participating in a Twentieth Century Fund forum on "The Media in the Modern Age." Medley observed: "This simple Pole has once again inspired the world with his wisdom, his spirituality, and his healing vision."

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

BYE-BYE, DAVE

DAVID A. STOCKMAN doesn't relish departure from the Reagan administration on the graceless note sounded by press reports in July. They told of a private speech in which he was off the reservation again, this time plugging for a tax increase. But he may have to live with that, and there is a certain justice to it. After all, he is quitting. Stockman has announced that he will quit as budget director August 1, to take a lucrative job with Salomon Brothers, a Wall Street investment banking firm. He *would* like to raise taxes. And it was his own press secretary, Ed Dale, who leaked a text of the speech.

The fact that Stockman didn't know the text was being released and that Dale didn't intend for a story to be written about it and that Stockman didn't really call for higher taxes—well, all those incidentals got lost in the shuffle. Stockman had given the address a month earlier at a dinner for the board of the New York Stock Exchange at the Renwick Gallery, half a block from the White House. Weeks later, Dale gave the text to a reporter to be used for background. The reporter did what any reporter would do, namely, confirm the quotes with those who attended the speech, and run with the story. Taxes got the emphasis, but what Stockman actually said was this: the deficit must be cut by $50 billion, and if this can't be achieved by reducing spending, then taxes should be hiked. Even this

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relatively mild formulation clashes with President Reagan's insistence that he won't accede to a tax increase.

Getting the drift as to why Stockman is ready to blow town? He has practically no influence with the president. His conversations with Reagan on the deficit have produced something other than a confluence of two minds. Stockman tells Reagan that the deficit is growing, that economic trouble is looming, that financial markets will lose confidence if the budget problem isn't addressed frontally, and soon. Reagan responds that he's always been a critic of the deficit. It's as if it were someone else's deficit he's been criticizing since 1981. And there the conversation ends, with no agreement on a plan for significantly reducing the deficit.

Stockman has been reduced to using what amounts to a two-cushion shot in order to affect Reagan's decision-making. He has found a few simpatico folks among Senate Republicans—Majority Leader Bob Dole, Budget Chairman Pete Domenici, even Paul Laxalt, Reagan's chum. (Laxalt is less the conservative ideologue than most people, including Reagan, think, but he rarely wears his pragmatism on his sleeve.) Under Stockman's guidance, they put together a budget package with a cut in Social Security cost-of-living adjustments and pared-down military spending, both of which Stockman had been unable to persuade Reagan to accept. But Dole and friends got Donald T. Regan, the White House chief of staff, to go along, and Regan got the president. So it was Stockman to Dole to Regan to Reagan.

This is a Byzantine way for a budget director to do business, but it seems to shock no one in Washington. What has surprised people is Regan's role. According to the lineup card, he's an opponent of Stockman, a man with little interest in deficit reduction. That may have been true once, but not now. Regan "got religion" on the deficit, a White House official said. And had he not replaced James A. Baker III as chief of staff, the budget compromise would have been stillborn. How so? Baker was part of a troika of Stockman opponents on particular issues. Baker blocked any cut in Social Security, if only because it might be politically harmful. But some Republican senators insisted on it. Reagan had no philosophical problems with cutting Social Security, a senior official said. He has occasionally talked about far more sweeping measures than simply capping COLAs, such as making Social Security voluntary for everyone under 45. But Reagan heeded Baker's warning that carving into Social Security without bipartisan backing was political suicide.

STOCKMAN'S two other foes are Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and Reagan himself. Almost from the start in 1981, Stockman argued for less military spending than Weinberger demanded. Regan often agreed with Stockman on this, but before he came to the White House Stockman had lost all the fights with Weinberger. But Regan has been no help to Stockman on taxes; he is as adamantly opposed to a tax boost as the president. Stockman's view is that Reagan has dug himself an awful hole by making progressively stronger I'll-never-raise-taxes statements. He puts some of the blame on Reagan's speech writers, particularly Bently Elliott, for coming up with zingers like "make my day" and "over my dead body." There could be hell to pay later, Stockman believes, if Senate Republicans can't prod House Democrats into buying off on deep budget cuts. That's when a tax hike would be needed to soothe financial markets, but the president would be in a bad position to pull one off.

And Reagan's thumbs-down on new taxes posed another problem for Stockman: it thwarted his grand strategy for a whopping Senate endorsement of deficit reduction. The budget that got through the Senate, remember, passed by one vote and without any Democratic supporters. Stockman believes that if a small tax increase had been attached, it would have picked up 15 or 20 Democratic votes from folks like Sam Nunn of Georgia and Lawton Chiles of Florida and Bennett Johnston of Louisiana and perhaps even a Northerner like Alan Dixon of Illinois. With them aboard, the budget would have passed by 30 or so votes, which would make a strong impression on House Democrats and ensure that a hefty swipe at the deficit cleared Congress.

DREAMS DIE HARD in Washington. Stockman entered the administration as starry-eyed and idealistic a dreamer as you'd ever find. His first year was wonderful, as Reagan lapped up his sweeping recommendations for slashing discretionary social programs and trimming taxes. But then he started giving Reagan advice he didn't want to hear—go after entitlements, raise taxes, attack Social Security. Their relationship cooled, more because of Stockman's unwanted opinions than because of his confessions in *The Atlantic*. By mid-1982 Stockman knew his string was up. He was negotiating feverishly over some ancillary point in that year's tax bill when it dawned on him that he was dealing with marginalia. The prospects for comprehensive change, he realized, were gone.

Such a revelation would bother few politicians. But Stockman has always favored the comprehensive approach; incrementalism was never his game, even back in his earlier incarnations as an antiwar radical at Michigan State University and as a supply-side enthusiast in Congress. And, for all the sinuous turns, there is another consistent strain in Stockman's thinking, a puritanical recoiling at the sight of special interests shaping federal tax and spending policy for their own greedy ends. It was this impulse that suffused his 1975 article on the "social pork barrel," animated his 1980 "Dunkirk" memo to Reagan that spoke of the federal budget as "automatic coast-to-coast soup line," prompted his 1981 comment that "the hogs were really feeding" on special business provisions in the tax bill, and undergirded his bid this year to kill federal aid to the non-needy middle class.

Despite dashed idealism, Stockman stayed on for one last fling this year. Conditions seemed right for uprooting aid to the middle class and eliminating whole programs. What conditions? A non-election year, the Senate still in

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Republican hands, public support for budget cutting, a president in the first year of a new term and reelected on the promise of handling the deficit without a tax increase. Stockman's strike at Pentagon spending was successful, but beyond that he appears to have failed. The House won't abide the slightest snip at Social Security. All the programs slated for extinction except one (revenue sharing) have been kept alive. And Congress may wind up passing no budget at all. That, in Stockman's eyes, would make the United States look like a banana republic.

Some of Stockman's disgust is sure to wind up in the book he intends to write. It is to be autobiographical, tracing the twists of his career going back to Michigan State. If Jeane Kirkpatrick could get a $900,000 book contract, Stockman is bound to get a bundle too. After the book is written, don't look for Stockman to rush back to politics. He's had it, a burned-out case, a man full of scorn for all but a few of his old colleagues in Congress and more recent ones in the administration. In the late 1970s he was gearing up for a Senate bid in 1982. Now he laughs at the emptiness of that ambition. Yet he is concerned about how he will be remembered in Washington. He wants to be known as a fellow who told the horrible truth about the nation's fiscal problems. So what if Reagan wasn't listening? You can't blame a poor budget director for that.

FRED BARNES

Ronald Carter's human rights policy.

WHAT JIMMY KNEW

"JIMMY REAGAN" was how *The Wall Street Journal* dubbed its favorite president in the middle of the TWA hostage drama. This analysis by epithet is now being morosely explicated by disappointed conservatives. *WSJ* columnist Suzanne Garment, *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz, and others have lamented Reagan's willingness to negotiate, his reluctance to use military force, and his general resemblance in the crisis to his much despised predecessor. These critics should brace themselves for more of the same. Carter's influence on Reagan foreign policy has become especially clear in Chile and the Philippines, two countries that could blossom into Iran-like foreign policy disasters in coming years. Administration officials in these two countries are discovering that Carter's policies were based not on moralistic delusions as many once charged but on political realities.

The Reagan administration faces the agonizing dilemmas of dealing with an authoritarian government in transition. Chile and the Philippines today show ominous similarities to Nicaragua and Iran at the beginning of the Carter administration. The issue facing the United States is not how to choose between authoritarian and totalitarian governments but how to avoid that unpleasant choice altogether. Conservatives used to deride the liberal notion that the United States was "on the wrong side of history" when it supported right-wing dictators. After four years of backing Pinochet and Marcos, some Reagan officials are beginning to see the liberals might have had a point.

Both countries are slipping into turmoil. Even the State Department's circumspect "Country Reports on Human Rights" confirm that human rights abuses continue unabated. In Chile General Augusto Pinochet has since 1973 ruthlessly smashed the country's 186-year-old tradition of democracy. He has repudiated proposals from his own cabinet members who want to negotiate with a fractious and growing opposition. In the Philippines, Ferdinand Marcos, along with a small group of business associates and military officers, has weathered the national crisis that followed the assassination of Benigno Aquino in August 1983. The Marcos clique operates in almost complete political isolation. Meanwhile, the moderate opposition is in disarray and a communist insurgency led by the New People's Army flourishes.

IT WASN'T SUPPOSED to be this way. Reagan came to office with a two-fold critique of Carter's human rights policy. First, Reagan officials claimed that Carter's criticisms and punitive measures, far from bolstering the democratic opposition in Nicaragua and Iran, had isolated the countries' leaders and paved the way for their overthrow by more radical anti-American forces. Second, administration policymakers argued that public criticism was an ineffectual way to get pro-Western regimes to liberalize. Friendly autocrats, it was said, were more likely to move toward democracy if they knew they could count on unequivocal public support from the United States.

Thus administration officials acted quickly in 1981 to close the distance Carter had put between the U.S. government and Pinochet and Marcos. The Chilean navy was reinvited to participate in joint exercises in the South Atlantic, and in the Inter-American Development Bank the United States resumed voting yes on loans to the government. In June 1981 Vice President Bush was dispatched to Manila to display his enormous aptitude for sycophancy. "We love your adherence to democratic principles," he told Marcos in a memorable after-dinner toast. If Reagan foreign policy theory was right, these gestures should have contributed to the stability of these regimes and created an atmosphere conducive to democratic openings. In both countries and on both counts the theory has failed.

Even Reagan officials have begun to see that Pinochet and Marcos are textbook examples of how autocrats, especially when treated with all the solicitude Jeane Kirkpatrick prescribes, subvert American interests. The policymakers finally understand why their "quiet diplomacy" has been so unsuccessful. Pinochet and Marcos exploit the fact that even the most ruthless tactics against their democratic opposition will cost them nothing with Washington. They realize that in the storm of protest sure to follow their

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repressive measures, the administration (regardless of its private pleadings) will be obliged to defend publicly its policy—and their regimes. Indeed, they also shrewdly understand that the storm of protest is likely to lead the administration to declare that the embattled regime needs still more U.S. aid and arms.

Reagan officials aren't bothered by this manipulation. On the contrary, they have been happy to play their role in this game. After Pinochet declared a near-totalitarian state of siege last winter, for example, Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs Langhorne Motley told *The Washington Post* that it was not "appropriate for 'gringo' to try to 'muscle' the Chilean leader." Twenty-two months after the Aquino assassination, the democratic opposition has been unable to hold Marcos or his top aides accountable or to effect any political reforms, and hundreds have joined the ranks of the New People's Army. Administration officials claim that Marcos's difficulties warrant a 150 percent increase in U.S. military assistance next year.

Nor does the humiliation of democratic politicians unduly disturb all Reagan officials. After all, many of them have treated known antidemocratic terrorists such as Roberto d'Aubuisson with consideration and kindness. What is disturbing to the administration are the gains of the radicals and the communists. Reagan officials are seeing that—precisely as Carter's human rights policy predicted—the neglect and humiliation of Chilean and Filipino democrats benefits those least friendly to the United States.

The polarization of both countries at the expense of U.S. interests is unmistakable. The Chilean left, including the well-organized and influential Communist Party, has regained the legitimacy it lost during the chaos of the Allende years. According to a recent front-page report in *The New York Times*, the growth of the New People's Army has enabled it to expand its operations into Manila and other major cities for the first time. By speaking publicly, Carter said, the United States would provide a credible alternative to violent rebellion.

But like Somoza before his downfall, Pinochet and Marcos welcome the deterioration that leaves only the stark choice between them or the communists. Right-wing dictators typically know that their subjects dislike communism, and in their megalomania they can't believe the people will ever throw them out. Besides, if worse comes to worst, they believe that the United States will rescue them. Marcos recently suggested that if the guerrilla insurgency got out of hand, he would ask the United States to send in the Marines. The prospect of such a request is a bad dream for Reagan officials. It would require them to choose between fighting a guerrilla war in Southeast Asia on behalf of a corrupt and unpopular dictator or abandoning a pro-Western government to Marxist rebels. Reagan officials are beginning to understand that supporting Pinochet and Marcos may make their worst nightmares come true.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S tentative efforts to get off this increasingly slippery slope are suffused with irony. Langhorne Motley has been succeeded by Elliott Abrams, who is both an outspoken critic of Carter's policies and the leading advocate in the administration for exactly the kind of public diplomacy in Chile that Carter practiced. Among other things, Abrams has urged that the Reagan administration abstain or vote no on multilateral bank loans to Chile to protest Pinochet's human rights abuses—just as the Carter administration did. Reagan's ambassador to the Philippines, Stephen Bosworth, has gone as far, if not further, than any Carter diplomat in saying publicly that Marcos must clean up his act. Americans are "intensely suspicious of elitist pretensions and the concentration of power," Bosworth announced last October in an unmistakable reference to Marcos and his cronies, and "unwavering believers in the need for transparency and accountability in government."

Reagan officials should also note that, for all their abuse of Carter, he too started out trying to win the confidence of friendly authoritarians. Bush's toast to Marcos was an echo of Carter's toast to the shah in December 1978 that Iran was "an island of stability." Motley's insistence that the U.S. not pressure Pinochet sounded much like the argument of Terence Todman, Carter's assistant secretary for Latin America, who said at the end of 1977 that the U.S. should do nothing to undermine Somoza. The Carterism in Reaganism brings out the Reaganism in Carterism.

The tension within the Reagan foreign policy coalition may well grow. While Jeane Kirkpatrick's standing in the Republican Party rises, the administration that brought her to fame is searching for alternatives to her human rights policies. Her injunction not to "encourage this process of liberalization and democracy . . . at a time when the incumbent government is fighting for its life against violent adversaries" is being ignored in Chile and the Philippines. As the administration backs away from the embrace of friendly dictators, it steps into the clutches of Kirkpatrick's double standard. Its policies come to resemble Carter's, as caustically summarized by Kirkpatrick: "Get rid of rightist dictators, support the democratic left, promote reform, preempt the radicals, build democracy and development: thus went the theory that gave us the Ayatollah Khomeini and the Ortega brothers."

Most ironically, the Reagan policy may continue the Carter tradition not by consistently using public diplomacy (which Carter never did) but by sending mixed signals. Like the shah in 1978, Marcos hears the United States saying both that he deserves more military aid and that he must change his ways. Like Somoza in 1978, Pinochet hears the United States saying both that it is "reviewing carefully how recent developments may affect U.S. interests" and that he is essential to his country's future. Like Jimmy Carter in 1978, Reagan hears advisers saying both that he should stop pushing two friendly dictators—and that he should push them all the harder. Thus goes the policy that will give us the successors to Pinochet and Marcos.

JEFFERSON MORLEY

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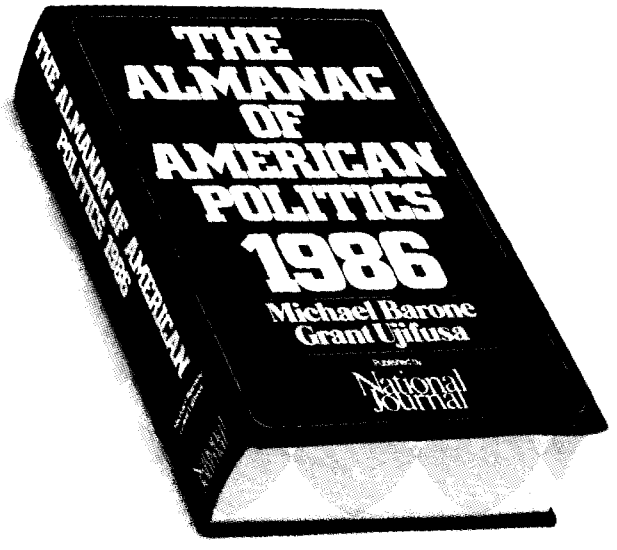

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ALM08

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Coming out—with a crossbow.

MEA RAMBO

From the forest side of the clearing, hidden but close enough to see the sweat on the brows of the angry soldiers, Co clutched the bow and the quiver, her knuckles aching as she saw her man surrounded. He managed to grope to his knees when a Vietnamese sergeant kicked him in the . . . she strained to find the English word . . . privates, crotch . . . balls.
—from *Rambo: First Blood II, The Novel*, by David Morrell.

While struggling to compose a diatribe against *Rambo*, a strange thing happened to me. I decided to . . .

Wait. I can't just waste all this material. My first thought had been to extend the *Rambo* and *Rocky* series to their logical extreme—a mutual flowering involving a Sly Stallone double-performance tour de force in the tradition of Jerry Lewis:

Rocky: You don't say much, do you?

Rambo: Whatcha asking?

Rocky: Well, how are a punch-drunk boxer, an over-the-hill Green Beret, a gun-happy Texan, a silent Comanche, a streetwise jive hustler from Detroit, a suicidal stuntman who swings from trees, a brilliant, aristocratic, beautiful-but-deadly Vassar-trained demolition expert, Webster as a computer whiz kid, and Ruth Gordon as herself supposed to rescue 200 American orphans being held captive by the madman Qaddafi?

Rambo: Because I love dis country.—from *Rocky 'n' Rambo I*.

After that and a couple of other false starts, I decided to compute how much I'd spent on my five-year crusade to put Sylvester Stallone in his place. Let's see. . . . Three *Rocky* movies at five dollars each. Three *Rocky* paperbacks at $3.50 each. One VCR rental and *First Blood* cassette: $12.50. (A bargain: 12 viewings at no extra cost.) Twenty-seven tickets to *Rambo* at five dollars each: $135. *Rambo* paperback: $3.50. *Rambo* souvenir poster mag: three dollars. Subscriptions to *Soldier of Fortune*, *Jane's Guns*, and *Rambo Week*: invoices coming. One black muscle T-shirt: $8.95. One gallon baby oil: $17.79. One pair custom-tailored 29-by-36-inches black-leather combat pants: $147. Field blow-dryer: $36.75. Down payment on one collector-edition *Rambo* survival knife: $125. And I've been pricing a carbonized fiberglass, magnesium handle, cam-wheel, 100-pound compound bow with electrostatic blacking and 30-inch tungsten-steel-tipped graphite arrows: $795.

Hmmm, a pattern. As I massaged my right arm, still sore from hurling Milk Duds at Rambo's Vietnamese and Soviet torturers, I studied myself guiltily in the mirror. I had on my *Rambo* commemorative head sash. Suddenly, like a burst from an M-60 machine gun with pintle mounts and tommy-gun foreend, it hit me that my "liberal" anti-*Rambo* pose was somehow . . . ridiculous. Have you ever listened to the confessional speeches at an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting? It was like that. "Face it," I said. "*Rambo* is a bazooka blast of effective, powerful, cinematic reality to this nation's 'liberal' privates, crotch . . . [I strained to find the English word]. Stallone's work has produced the coolest dang screen badass ever—and you want to be *just like him*."

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

For someone with my political and humoric background (semi-lib, sarcastic), this was a tough thing to admit. Essentially, I had to reject a lifetime of accumulated liberal assumptions *and* years of training in the art of deriving pleasurable loathing from schlock movies.

You see, in Garden City, Kansas, I grew up under the tutelage of a friend who was the self-crowned but undisputed "King" of American Bad-Movie Enjoyers. Here is a man who has memorized *Smokey and the Bandit: Part I, Eat My Dust*, and the drunk scenes from every Dudley Moore romantic comedy. As he told me during a long-distance call in May, the *First Blood/Rambo* series has got him more excited than anything since the three *Billy Jack* epics. "This has the potential

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to be the worst entertainment package of all time."

The King, who knew I would be in Garden City for Memorial Day weekend (when *Rambo* opened there), of course decreed "an all-*Rambo* weekend." At the airport he made it clear what that meant: talking about *Rambo* and nothing else. When I saw him in the terminal he said, "The most dangerous man in the world—is back."

"Look, King, do we have to do this? I'm here to visit my mother. I don't want to watch this *Rambo* junk. I'm not in the mood."

"Dey dru furst blud, suh. Not me."

"How's your wife and kid?"

"You . . . don't seem to want to *accept* the fact that you're dealing with an *ex*pert in guerrilla warfare. A man who's the *best*—with *guns*, with *knives*, with his bare hands! A man trained to ig*nore* pain. To ig*nore* weather. To live off food that would make a billy goat *puke*. A man who's trained to *kill*—period."

The King's Volkswagen died on the way home. His generator broke and he quickly ran his battery down to nothing. "Great, King. Hey, what would Rambo do?"

"Rambo would hook jumper cables to his testicles and this baby would lay twin 12-inch black planks of rubber." You have to give him credit—he stuck with it no matter what.

Later, the King commanded that I rent *First Blood*—the definitive filmic study of the plight of Vietnam vets. In it Rambo is unjustly harassed and beaten by small-town cops to the point where he is *forced* to kick the evil Sheriff Teasle's ass and blow up the entire hamlet. Afterward the King amused himself with imaginary battles between Rambo and other legendary movie tough guys.

"Rambo versus Billy Jack. As the two combatants square off, Billy, a half-breed vet like Rambo, and a martial-arts expert, rubs his face slowly and says, as he always does before opening a can of whipass, 'Pretty big fella, aren't you? Well, you know what they say, the bigger they come—'

"Rambo interrupts by firing an exploding arrow into his mouth. End of battle . . . Rambo versus The Terminator. . . ."

I wasn't listening. To me this was an absurd exercise. Because there's just no way Rambo and Billy Jack wouldn't be on the same team.

After we saw *Rambo*, the King told me about *Rambo*'s opening night. The King's house is a block from the theater. Friday evening he sat on his front porch watching the *Rambo* fans pull up.

"There was this one dad and his fat kid," he said. "They got out of their car and began walking toward the theater. Then they paused, looked at each other, grinned, and started running toward the theater. *Hard*. And they were early."

I said nothing to the King, of course, but I could see their point.

ALEX HEARD

Alex Heard has a longer sleeve length than Sly Stallone.

Has the U.S. been unfair?

GREECE'S GRIEVANCE

Athens

WITH THE TWA hijacking last month, the American public's estimation of Greece reached a new low. The Greek government had failed to act upon repeated international warnings about lax security at Hellinikon airport, and thus had no convincing response to charges that it had effectively allowed the hijacking to take place. What's more, it negotiated the release of Ali Atwa, the captured comrade of the Amal hijackers, which violated the West's general understanding about not giving in to terrorist demands.

Greece's image had been in slow decline since 1981, when the outrageous statements of the new prime minister, Andreas Papandreou, started making headlines. Papandreou has said, among other things, that the U.S. is an "imperialist country," that General Jaruzelski is a Polish "patriot" and Solidarity "a dangerous movement," and that the KAL 007 jetliner shot down by the Soviets was on a CIA spy mission. He has also developed a reputation for coddling terrorists by professing solidarity with the likes of Muammar al-Qaddafi and Yasir Arafat.

As Papandreou's most quotable slanders circulated in the U.S. press, Greek anti-Americanism was slowly being transformed into American anti-Hellenism. Thus no one complained much when the State Department issued a "travel advisory" for Greek-bound American tourists—an announcement that resulted in 30,000 canceled bookings, an estimated $100 million drain on Greece's faltering economy. Many editorials said that this was the least Greece deserved.

Most Greeks, however, considered the punishment, and the American media's coverage of Greece's actions, extremely unfair. They questioned whether the terrorists' weapons really were smuggled on the plane in Athens, where there were both Greek security and the extra security personnel TWA had itself hired as backup. American officials seemed to share these doubts. They admitted they were dubious of Ali Atwa's story that his comrades had smuggled their weapons past the two security systems by wrapping them in fiberglass. (X-rays penetrate fiberglass, as any self-respecting terrorist would probably know.) Some Washington officials speculated about a possible "inside job"—Arab spies in the Greek airport ground crew. Amal leader Akef Haidar claimed that the guns and grenades had been placed on the plane during an earlier stop in Cairo.

The Greeks were also angered at how the United States portrayed the release of Ali Atwa. For days after the hijacking the press stated that the Greek government had traded Atwa merely for the seven Greek passengers of TWA flight 847. Only after the last of the hostages were freed and began recounting their experiences of those early negotia-

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tions did it report what the Greek government had contended all along: that the Greek ambassador had also successfully negotiated the release of 63 other hostages, most of whom were American women and children. This trade may have been unwise or even cowardly, but it was not, as it was portrayed, a supreme act of chauvinism.

In the days after the hijacking, there were airport terrorist attacks in Frankfurt, Norway, Rome, Tokyo, and Madrid in which a total of eight people were killed; and a flight from Canada to India exploded en route, killing 329 people. The State Department had little to say about any of these incidents. Why, the Greeks asked, were they being singled out at a time when the international nature of terrorism was never more evident? Indeed, days after the State Department's "travel advisory," a young man wearing army fatigues and carrying a rifle walked into the State Department itself and, a few yards from George Shultz's office, shot and killed his mother, a department employee, and then himself. One Greek opposition politician jokingly proposed a ban on Greek Embassy staff visits to the State Department until security is improved.

One does not have to excuse Greece's nonchalance about terrorism to suspect that there were other motivations behind the Reagan administration's "travel advisory." The administration has not objected to Papandreou's rhetoric because he otherwise has given the U.S. nearly everything it's asked for. (He renegotiated the U.S. military bases agreement, although he'd won the election by promising the opposite, and threw in a new AWACs base.) Having held its tongue for so long, the White House could not have been unhappy at the chance to get even. The American press and public shared that unseemly but understandable urge. Greece became a convenient target for the frustration of a president, and a country, unable or unwilling to strike back at the real enemy.

THERE IS A special dimension, though, to the new American anti-Hellenism and the Greek anti-Americanism that preceded it. Unlike other small, poor countries that sling hostile remarks at the U.S., Greece has been one of America's most reliable allies. Greeks and Americans fought together in two world wars and in Korea. Even today anti-Americanism in Greece remains rather half-baked. The Greeks still love the idea that all Western nations have their roots in Greek civilization. With their entrepreneurial ways and embrace of consumer culture, they simply don't bring to their criticisms of America the same violent rejection of modernity that characterizes anti-American movements elsewhere. The most treacherous "anti-Americanism" any U.S. citizen in Greece this summer will likely encounter is a heated political discussion with a Greek over drinks at a *kafenion*—after which the Greek will almost certainly insist on picking up the tab.

Greece's new, self-consciously independent behavior, in other words, is the result of the nation having unlearned to some extent a previous policy of full cooperation with America. This unlearning, as many American officials privately admit, is the result of Greece's experience with shortsighted American foreign policy.

That policy began with the Truman Doctrine of 1947, when America replaced waning British influence in Greece. A civil war had broken out between Greek communist-led guerrillas and the shaky new government—nominally led by centrist republicans but dominated by right-wing monarchists and Nazi collaborators. Writers such as Nicholas Gage have vividly documented communist atrocities during the civil war; but atrocities by government forces—including the Security Battalions, Greece's version of right-wing death squads—were just as gruesome. The guerrillas, who were the main resistance force against the Nazi occupation, had shown much interest in democratic political solutions to end the fighting. But American officials, gripped by the new cold war mentality, were in no mood to compromise with communists. The U.S. drifted into closer association with the unpopular Greek monarchy and the right, a tie that would continue for the next 25 years.

The communists were ultimately defeated. But when the Greek public used its newly won freedom to elect a centrist coalition government, the U.S. ambassador, John E. Peurifoy, made his country's displeasure—and its power—known. Distrustful of "fuzzy-headed liberals," Peurifoy threatened to cut American aid unless the government changed the electoral system to assure control by the less popular but more "stable" right. The government had little choice but to concede. "Centrists and leftists felt rejected by the representatives of American foreign policy here," explains Sotiris Papapolitis, a Greek member of parliament with the center-right New Democracy party. Papapolitis's father was a cabinet minister under that early, short-lived center government. He says that Peurifoy would walk into his father's office, and in a perfect gesture of American conceit, put his feet up on the minister's desk: "You can't imagine the humiliation."

For the next 12 years right-wing politicians ran the government, though always at the behest of a "para-state" made up of the Greek palace, the Greek and American military, the American Embassy, and, most notoriously, the CIA. The communist threat had withered; anti-communism, however, remained the official state religion and the excuse the government used to suspend various civil liberties. Yet still most Greeks deeply admired America (where many friends and relatives had gone to seek work) and were acutely aware that their country's economic and defense interests were best served by close association with the United States.

SUPPORT for the American presence only wavered when the Greeks felt that it threatened their national interests. This occurred in 1955, when John Foster Dulles sent a tersely written letter to the Greeks demanding, in essence, that they ignore, for the sake of NATO, Cyprus-related Turkish atrocities against Greeks living in Istanbul and Izmir. Fierce anti-American feelings swept over Greece, from right to left, and died down only as outrage over the atrocities faded. To this day Washington tends to

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treat Greece's conflict with Turkey—a matter to the Greeks of territorial integrity—as an atavistic tiff between NATO's backward Balkan brothers.

The great challenge to the "para-state" came with the rise of George Papandreou's Center Union party in the early 1960s. Riding a wave of indignation over heavy-handed voter intimidation by the Greek military in the 1961 elections, Papandreou—with his son Andreas, recently returned from the U.S., at his side—won an unprecedented 53 percent of the vote in 1964. But 17 months later, after clashing with Lyndon Johnson over Dean Acheson's plan for the partition of Cyprus, and with the monarchy over control of the military, Papandreou was maneuvered into resigning. Not long after that, an obscure group of colonels seized power. Democracy in Greece, such as it was, disappeared for seven years.

Ask a Greek if he thinks the U.S. had anything to do with the colonels' coup, and he'll look at you with that contemptuous smile the world reserves for American innocents. Indeed, many of the Greek officers involved had been trained by the CIA—the junta's leader, Colonel George Papadopoulos, had been the liaison officer between the CIA and its Greek equivalent, the KYP. The very execution of the coup was based on a NATO-drafted contingency plan. To this day Washington denies it had any idea that the men it was supporting to defend democracy were in fact plotting to undermine it.

Surprised or not, Washington made the colonels feel right at home. While other Western leaders avoided public contact with the brutal regime, the U.S. sent dignitaries such as Spiros Anagnostopoulos (a.k.a. Spiro Agnew) to have their pictures taken with the dictators and assure them of generous assistance. Large American corporations such as Litton Industries and Coca-Cola also courted the colonels, and won access to Greek markets on almost colonial terms. "We in the U.S.," wrote President Nixon to Colonel Papadopoulos, "greatly appreciate the welcome that is given to American companies and the sense of security that the government of Greece is imparting to them." The colonels, eager to create an appearance of legitimacy, spread these and other gushing U.S. tributes across the headlines of the government-controlled press. Thus a whole generation of Greeks learned to make a connection between the American government, multinational corporations, and "capitalist imperialism."

All this pleased the Soviets. "Communist countries cultivated good relations with the junta," recalls Paul Anastasi, the Greek-Cypriot journalist who uncovered the KGB's hidden support for *Ethnos*, the currently popular Greek anti-American newspaper. "The Soviet strategy was that it was in their interest for the dictatorship to last as long as possible, because this would radicalize the population to the left and justify the left-wing cause. They were right."

If American support for the junta assured an anti-American reaction, the Cyprus crisis of 1974 guaranteed that the reaction would be broad and unstoppable. Few Greeks today doubt—nor should they—that Henry Kissinger and the CIA were neck deep in the bloody affair. The junta's insane bid for the Republic of Cyprus, which paved the way for the brutal Turkish counterattack, resulted in roughly the same partition of the island nation Dean Acheson had pressured for ten years earlier.

Humiliated by the Cyprus crisis, the junta collapsed. The job of dealing with the subsequent national outrage fell to the conservative and democratic government of Constantine Karamanlis. Karamanlis jailed the colonels, legalized the Communist Party, and pulled Greece out of the military wing of NATO. But that wasn't enough to hold back the populist left-wing movement coalescing around Andreas Papandreou. When Papandreou's Pan-Hellenic Socialist Movement (Pasok) was reelected last month after four years in office, it became the first non-right-wing government to survive in Greece in over 40 years.

The American press never tires of observing that much of Papandreou's appeal is due to his ability to exploit popular resentment of the American government. Yet this appeal can only go so far in an otherwise conservative, pro-Western nation like Greece. "There's a sense that the Greeks got their own back against America," observes Paul Anastasi. "But just as the right wing's excessive anti-communism generated an anti-right, anti-American backlash, today the trend is in the other direction." Indeed, opinion polls last year noted a slight ebbing of anti-U.S. government sentiments among Greeks. Foreign policy was hardly an issue in the spring elections. "People are rather fed up with hearing about the American threat," says Anastasi.

That is, until this hijacking fiasco. The Reagan administration's "travel advisory" touched the wrong raw nerve at the wrong time. The administration has promised "retaliation" against the perpetrators of this terrorism, and has so far succeeded only in punishing one of the victims.

PAUL GLASTRIS

Paul Glastris wrote about the Saturn Plant sweepstakes in "What Goods for GM" (April 1).

The price of the public interest.

INTEREST GROUP AUCTION

CBS NOW STANDS before the Federal Communications Commission, hoping to persuade the commissioners that Ted Turner is not morally or financially fit to control the greatest broadcasting empire in the Western world. A regular feature of FCC megabattles like this one is the competition for the allegiance of various public and ethnic interest groups. Having the National Organization for Women or the League of United Latin American Citi-

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THE $420 MILLION HANDOUT

Nothing more vividly illustrates the absurdity of the television licensing process than the saga of Boston's Channel 5. Most of what follows comes from a recounting of the tale by Steven Pearlstein in the June issue of *The Boston Observer*.

In the beginning, 1953, the Federal Communications Commission granted a "temporary" broadcasting license for Channel 5 to the *Herald-Traveller*, Boston's top afternoon newspaper. FCC policy at the time was to favor newspapers as licensees, on the grounds that they could best provide local news and public affairs. A mere eight years later, in 1961, the license was about to be made "permanent," when it was discovered that in 1954 the president of the station had had lunch one day with the chairman of the FCC. Rivals used this so-called "ex parte communication" to force the commission to reconsider.

After eight more years, in 1969, the FCC decided to remove the license from the *Herald-Traveller* and award it to a group of local lawyers, Harvard professors, and businessmen. Its reasons included the controversial lunch; the promise that these tony types would run a more high-minded operation; and a new policy that newspapers *shouldn't* get television licenses, because this reduces the diversity of news sources. Alas for diversity, the crippled *Herald-Traveller* was bought up by the Hearst Corporation and merged into another Boston daily almost immediately after the license finally changed hands in 1972. The newspaper had been living off of the TV station profits for years.

Boston Broadcasters, Inc., the local group that got Channel 5 for free, did indeed operate an excellent, award-winning local station. For nine years. In 1981 they sold the station, which they'd acquired for virtually nothing, to Metromedia, the New York-based broadcasting conglomerate, for $220 million. This was the largest amount ever paid for a television station at the time. The FCC did not interfere, since most of its exquisite policy considerations apply only to the original granting of licenses, not to their transfer once granted. As Pearlstein notes in *The Boston Observer*, this sale by BBI involved "forsaking all the professed concerns by which they had obtained the license in the first place—diversity of media ownership, integration of managers with owners, local control, pretense to quality." But it made the Harvard professors and their friends into multimillionaires.

The latest twist is that Channel 5 was sold again in May, this time for $450 million (of which $30 million represented physical assets and $420 million the value of the license), to the Hearst Corporation, owner of many newspapers and former owner of one in Boston, which it sold to Rupert Murdoch. The day before the sale, Metromedia's chairman John Kluge and Murdoch—who was involved in buying Metromedia's other stations—had lunch with FCC chairman Mark Fowler to explain why the commission had no reason to be interested in reviewing the license transfer. Says Pearlstein: "Nobody even raises an eyebrow."

M.H.

zens file a brief on your behalf helps give your cause a "public interest" sheen. Since millions of dollars are at stake, it is worth the effort to cultivate these groups.

In the CBS-Turner war, most groups have sided with CBS. "Public interest groups obviously do not have a special interest" in the outcome of FCC litigation, says Larry Secrest of the law firm Wiley and Rein, which represents CBS, explaining why the FCC should take the opinions of groups with no direct stake in the controversy. "That lends an independent credibility."

But public interest groups clearly do have a special interest, and their support occasionally has very little to do with independent credibility. The "public interest" charade, necessitated by the government's insistence on giving away incredibly valuable broadcast licenses instead of selling them for what they're worth, has created in effect an interest group auction. The interest groups tend to lend their support to a network less because of the merits of a particular licensing case than because the network has made a commitment to the group. These commitments run the gamut from pledges to air better programs, to hiring quotas, to paid consultancies, to straight-out bribes.

If the CBS management can persuade the FCC that Ted Turner is financially or ethically unfit to own the company, then it will prevent CBS shareholders from choosing whether or not they want to sell to Ted Turner. Failing that, CBS could tie up any license transfer to Turner for months or even years by convincing the FCC that it should hold "evidentiary" hearings investigating Turner's qualifications. The legal wrangle over one Boston station dragged on for 19 years (see sidebar).

As of June 28, CBS had enlisted the City of New York and more than 60 union, minority, women's, public interest, and religious groups to file against a Turner takeover. The list provided by CBS includes the National Urban League, the NAACP, the United Steelworkers of America, the American Federation of Teachers, the Motion Picture Association of America (which *opposed* CBS in last year's big FCC battle over TV syndication rights), the Pacific Asian Resource Center on Aging, the Northside Drive Baptist Church, and the Hispanic National Bar Association. (Meanwhile, CBS stock is skyrocketing, to the embarrassment of CBS management and to the delight of shareholders, who now will make a killing with or without Turner.)

Beyond the mere fact of their endorsement, the interest group filings also have served CBS's cause by advancing arguments against Turner that the network shies away from making itself. CBS vice president and spokesperson Anne Luzzatto is quick to note that CBS has not "institutionally" called into question Turner's ethical fitness to own the network. But a number of affiliate stations and miscellaneous interest groups have alleged—with CBS's approval and very likely with its cooperation—that Turner is both racist and sexist.

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Turner's list of supporters is somewhat less impressive. It includes the Fund for Animals, the Boy Scouts of America, and the Atlanta-based Friendship Force, whose "members believe that 'a world of friends is a world of peace.' "

Turner's first FCC filing showed signs of scraping the bottom of the barrel for evidence of "public interest" concern. It included 37 letters from grateful Atlantans to Turner's Atlanta Superstation WTBS—most of whom were indebted to Turner for promoting their causes. Jay Pryor of the Southern Forest Institute wrote, for example: "Thanks again. Once more, you've provided invaluable assistance on a project which will help ensure wood supply for future generations of Superstation viewers." Thanks also arrived for help with the "Arbor Day Media Awards," for a segment of the "Open Up" talk show featuring the Metropolitan Community Church, for several "Moments in Georgia History" segments, for a feature on the Israeli exhibitions at the Atlanta High Museum of Art, and for a one-hour program on "the Older Women's League . . . Mother's Day 1984."

ACCORDING TO communications lawyers working for the networks and for the interest groups, the system can work both ways. If a public interest group is short on cash, it can threaten suit against a station or network in the expectation that the station will pay it the rough equivalent of protection money. In other cases, the television station or network may promise to pay the group in straight cash or promise to air a specific television program in return for a friendly brief or letter to the FCC commissioners. One lawyer described the arrangement as equivalent to "mutual blackmail."

A group called the National Black Media Coalition has broken with most other minority groups and filed a brief in favor of Turner. This is curious, because this group had a run-in with Turner a few years back over the sale of one of his stations. The group's brief makes the convoluted argument that if the FCC turns down Turner's request on the grounds that his heavily leveraged offer makes him financially unqualified to own CBS, then the FCC will have put a "chill" on minorities who need heavy financing to purchase television stations. Furthermore, the brief argues, if Turner acquires CBS he will sell several CBS-owned stations and blacks may have the opportunity to buy them.

The reason National Black Media Coalition chairman Pluria Marshall gives for siding with Turner is considerably more simple. "It's a matter of loyalty to friends," he says. "We've had a relationship with Ted Turner for six years."

According to Marshall, that "relationship" included sponsorship of the group's annual meetings and in one instance the airing of a special program featuring singer Ray Charles. Marshall refuses to specify the amount of Turner Broadcasting Systems' financial support for the National Black Media Coalition. He said that his group has no similar relationship with CBS. Yet he told *The Washington Times* in May that "we have an ongoing relationship with both companies. And we haven't really decided what side we'll be on." Several public interest group representatives contend that Marshall effectively sold his support to the highest bidder—who happened to be Ted Turner. Marshall denies it.

He charges in turn that CBS buys supporters through charitable contributions from the CBS Foundation, the in-house group responsible for grants to nonprofit organizations. Marshall says he "knows for a fact" that CBS charities have given $50,000 to $100,000 a year to the National Urban League and the NAACP. An Urban League spokesperson refused to comment on any circumstances surrounding the organization's support for CBS. But an informed source said that CBS gave the NAACP $20,000 and the Urban League $25,000 last year and is contributing an additional undisclosed sum to the Urban League over several years as part of a special fund drive. Anne Luzzatto confirmed that the network does contribute to the Urban League and the NAACP, but denied any connection between the grants and support for CBS before the FCC. "CBS gives to a lot of groups that didn't file," Luzzatto said.

The problem isn't that CBS crassly buys the support of these groups. It's that the CBS donations can create a sense of obligation on the part of the public interest groups (who are chronically short of funds). Filing a brief on behalf of CBS is the least they can do. Thus the reasons for the brief and the reasoning *in* the brief can be quite different. (Several unions filing for CBS had no interest in the dispute one way or the other and only filed at the request of CBS's unions.)

The National Organization for Women, for example, has signed a brief opposing Turner's bid. A Turner official said he was told that NOW's "quid pro quo" was the settlement of a sexual harassment suit filed by the female general sales manager for WCAU-FM, a CBS-owned radio station in Philadelphia. That suit, which resulted from a sexual assault in 1982, was settled late last month after lengthy negotiations. Kathy Bonk of the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund denied any deal. But she said frankly that NOW saw the Turner challenge as a chance to push for the resolution of the WCAU harassment case, "knowing the network wanted to go before the commission with a clean slate." CBS's Luzzatto, meanwhile, denied that there is any connection between the FCC fight and the harassment case.

What does any of this have to do with whether Ted Turner should be allowed to buy CBS? Not much. A strong case can be made that the CBS stockholders should decide who should be allowed to buy the network. But even accepting that the "public interest" should somehow be taken into account, the FCC should recognize that the arguments it is hearing from public interest groups may not reflect the public's interest in the struggle between CBS and Turner.

MICHAEL HIRSCHORN

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There is no rising tide of terrorism. But what about espionage?

TERRORISTS AND SPIES

BY WALTER LAQUEUR

CITIZENS OF totalitarian countries enjoy certain benefits. The forces of order offer effective protection against terrorism (except the kind that comes from above), and there is little espionage in these parts. Citizens of democratic countries, on the other hand, have always had to pay a certain price for their liberties, and this has periodically caused feelings of impotence. If democracies cannot defend themselves against some gunmen in a distant country, if they cannot prevent the leakage of vital national security secrets, how can they possibly survive in the long run? Some have reached fatalistic conclusions on the basis of these experiences; others have demanded drastic action. How justified is the pessimism, and what kind of action can and should be taken?

Americans have been told for some time by their government and by the media that, in Secretary of State George Shultz's words, "international terrorism has rapidly become one of the gravest challenges to American interests around the world." In the 1970s some liberals claimed that terrorism was on the rise as a result of oppression, exploitation, and other inequities. They were not bothered by the fact that it by no means occurred most frequently where exploitation and oppression were most prevalent. More recently, in the eyes of the right, terrorism has become a movement of almost demonic power that has placed our whole value system in mortal danger.

Human memory is lamentably short. Similar predictions were made two, ten, and even 90 years ago. Yet civilization has not come to an end and business has flourished. Where, in recent years, has there been a great increase in terrorist activities? Certainly not in Latin American countries such as Brazil or Argentina, Colombia or Uruguay, where terrorism is no longer the acute problem it was a decade ago. Not in Italy, the Netherlands, West Germany, or Turkey, where terrorism has been broken. Not inside Israel, where terrorist attacks have dwindled. Not even in Ulster, where the number of killed and injured has steadily declined. Armenian and Basque terrorists have been a little more active than before, but Croatian terrorism has waned and the South Moluccans have been forgotten. Nor has a great upsurge taken place inside the United States. As William Webster, the director of the FBI, puts it, there is no rising tide of terrorism—only a rising tide of concern about terrorism. Apocalyptic predictions were made about violence in the United States in the year of the Olympic Games, the Democratic and the Republican conventions, and the World's Fair. But all events passed without any unforeseen interruption. In the past 15 years even aircraft hijackings and hostage takings have declined.

This is not to dismiss the recent manifestations of terrorism: the assassinations of Sadat and Mrs. Gandhi, the attempt to kill the pope, an increase of terrorist activity in South Africa, the death of more than 300 U.S. Marines, diplomats, and others in the two Beirut bombings and the recent Beirut hostage crisis, and the midair explosion of the Indian airliner. And since the ups and downs of terrorist operations are notoriously unpredictable, some caution is always called for. But it is important to point out the wide discrepancy between the facts about terrorism, which almost always fails, and the mistaken perceptions of an all-powerful, omnipresent monster.

To a large extent it is the result of semantic confusion. There is a great deal of political violence in the world short of full-scale war between states—coups d'état, guerrilla warfare, community strife, peasant uprisings, soccer rowdyism, "social banditry," civil wars, street demonstrations, and fighting—and there has been a tendency to subsume it under the general heading of "terrorism." Such loose talk makes an understanding of terrorism more difficult and effective action against it virtually impossible. In a civil war such as in Vietnam, or now in Lebanon, there may be much terrorist activity. But there is a difference between a civil war and terrorism. Each kind of political violence is determined by place, time, cultural and social tradition, and geographical environment. Even terrorism and guerrilla activity, despite certain affinities, should not be confused.

Similar misunderstandings persist about another species of contemporary terrorism—namely "state-sponsored terrorism." It was not born in Sofia a few years ago, but is as old as the hills. Napoleon had the Duc D'Enghien abducted from foreign territory and shot, Stalin had Trotsky killed in Mexico and lesser-known enemies killed in Western Europe. For a time Mussolini was sponsoring terrorist operations outside Italy about once a month. True, state-sponsored terrorism is now used more brazenly by some

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Walter Laqueur is the author of *Terrorism* (1977) and the forthcoming *A World of Secrets: The Uses and Limits of Intelligence* (Little, Brown).

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players. Mussolini or Stalin would never admit to such activities; Muammar al-Qaddafi has said that it is his right to kill his opponents wherever they can be found. And yet state-sponsored terrorism is not even remotely the danger it is often made out to be. More often than not it is used against defenseless people such as émigrés. It has narrow limits; once it becomes more than a pinprick, it leads to escalation and eventually to war or warlike action. It is easy to imagine the consequences of a massive terrorist action launched by agents of Qaddafi against Egypt or Israel. Only a gross miscalculation would lead to such an undertaking.

The strength of state-sponsored terrorism is that it can provide its agents with more weaponry, money, logistical help, safe haven, etc., than independent terrorists can ever dream of. But it has one fatal disadvantage. It lacks the great weapon of the ordinary terrorist—anonymity—leaving behind clues pointing to a name and an address, thus making the sponsor vulnerable to retaliation.

THE TRULY difficult problems arise when public order has broken down altogether, when several terrorist groups are active on the scene, when chaos prevails such as in Tehran after the fall of the shah, and today in Lebanon. Such situations are rare, and they are unlikely to spread; sooner or later some order is imposed.

In the meantime, battleships and aircraft carriers are of little help in such circumstances, since there are no targets for their massive firepower. On the other hand, certain precautions can be taken that will at least minimize the damage. The most effective terrorist weapon by far in Lebanon has been the car bomb. If car-free zones had been established around all U.S. installations, and if the Israelis had banned motor transport except their own in southern Lebanon, the number of victims would have been much smaller. If controls at airports were more thorough, if gamma ray radiography and other sophisticated means were widely used, the danger to air transport would substantially decrease. It is true that in a chaotic environment there is no absolute protection against small groups of religious fanatics or lunatics. The only sensible course of action for states is one that any sensible individual would take in similar circumstances. When meeting a raving lunatic in the street who also happens to be armed, most prudent people will not engage him in conversation, but will cross to the other side.

Of course, the terrorism of fanatics can be defeated. Khomeini's regime was challenged in 1980 and 1981 by its erstwhile allies, the terrorists of the left, who had money and weapons and considerable experience acquired in the fight against the shah's regime. Yet within a few months they had been routed. About a third were killed, another third may or may not survive in prison, and the others have emigrated to Paris and other cities far from Tehran. The regime of Hafez al-Assad has defeated religious terrorism in a similarly barbaric way. The resistance was broken after several thousands had been killed in Homs, Hama, and elsewhere.

A democratic regime cannot engage in such mass killings, and the traditional antiterrorist strategies—good intelligence based on infiltration—will not work. For these reasons democratic governments will fare best if they disengage themselves until the madness has run its course—unless, of course, overwhelming strategic interests make their continued presence necessary. Such an imperative did not exist in Iran and does not exist now in Lebanon.

This is not craven abdication, nor does it invite expansion by the terrorist forces. There is a good chance that, given the opportunity, the terrorists will annihilate each other, or, as in Iran, will discredit themselves through general incompetence and gradually disintegrate. Before Khomeini there was a tendency in the West to underrate religious fanaticism. Now there is an inclination to attribute too much staying power to these forces. After the collapse of the Macedonian revolutionary movement in the 1920s, some of its former members served various sponsors on a professional basis. But this lasted only for a few years, and then they too disappeared. Shiite terrorism can no more operate outside the Shiite environment than Macedonian terrorism did.

Is it an admission of failure if a government must advise its citizens not to reside in, or visit, certain countries and that they will disregard such advice at their own risk? Hardly. No government has been able to protect all of its citizens all of the time. But just because the state cannot provide total security, this does not mean that terrorism is all-powerful. Historically terrorism has been no more than a minor nuisance—tragic as far as its victims are concerned, but on the whole ineffective. To regard it as one of the gravest challenges to U.S. interests is not just a mistake. It is dangerous, for it focuses attention on a sideshow in a sideshow—some cutthroats from West Beirut or other such places, who may or may not be manipulated from afar; wretched figures of little consequence, the wrong enemy in the wrong place.

Whenever some major terrorist act occurs that concerns the United States, government operations on the highest level come to a halt. Everyone in authority seems to be preoccupied with affairs that could be far more effectively addressed by a specialized working group. This unfortunate habit is now so deeply ingrained that there seems little hope of changing it. Indeed, the Reagan administration, despite its claims to the contrary, appeared to be almost as paralyzed during the Beirut hostage crisis as Jimmy Carter was during the Iran crisis. The habit stems from a lack of recognition of what terrorism is and what can be done about it. And it is part of the problem, because terrorism derives its strength from the publicity it attracts. If top government officials paid less attention to terrorism, the temptation for terrorists to make their point through yet another hijacking would diminish.

UNLIKE TERRORISM, foreign espionage does pose a potentially major danger to the national security of the United States. Yet aside from some angry outbursts

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following the revelations of some particularly scandalous spy cases, such as the Walker story, the government has not paid much attention to the problem. Espionage is as old as terrorism, but there have been some important changes over the years both in motivation and in purpose. When Alexander Orlov, the highest Soviet intelligence defector ever to reach these shores, gave evidence before a congressional committee in the 1950s, he said that 60 percent of the agents he and his colleagues employed were ideological spies. Communists were supposed to spy for their spiritual fatherland, not for money. Orlov was talking about the 1920s and 1930s, and the same seems to have been true about the war period. In recent decades, however, ideological spies have been few and far between, and even then—as in the recent case in Norway, where a high official who was an ideological sympathizer also took a large sum of money—there has been a substantial mercenary element.

The overwhelming majority of spies are in the business for money. A review of the known cases, not only in the U.S. but also in West Germany (which publishes annual detailed reports), shows that the typical spy is not a reader of Marx and Lenin, but a man either who got into debt or who wanted a higher standard of living. There are variations on this theme, such as the lonely spinster secretary at NATO headquarters, the man or woman blackmailed, the disgruntled civil servant or sergeant who was not promoted, the craving for vanity and adventure on the part of some young or unstable people. But by and large money has been the root of the evil. Hence the widespread conviction among officials of the KGB and the GRU (the Soviet military intelligence organization) that Americans, or "capitalists" in general, may be patriotic but still can be bought.

PARADOXICALLY, the sums changing hands in this business have never been princely. Even master spies such as the Austrian Colonel Redl (the hero of an award-winning Hungarian movie) and Mata Hari (who got 30,000 marks and 15,000 pesetas) did not do a very lucrative business. "Cicero," the British ambassador's valet in Ankara in World War II, got $700,000, but the money turned out to be counterfeit. Alfred Franzel, a Social Democratic member of the German Bundestag, received $7,000 over four years in the late 1960s, about the same as Harry Houghton, "the big man" of a Soviet spy group at a British naval base. In 1978 William Kampiles sold the Russians a technical manual describing the U.S. Big Bird satellite for $2,000, probably the bargain of the century for the Russians; they would gladly have given millions. Allen Nunn May, the British physicist, got even less—$700 for two samples of plutonium in 1944; but then, May was a Communist and probably reluctant to overcharge his employers.

The Russians have been stingy for good reasons: there was always the danger that large sums would be quickly spent and thus attract attention. Also, if too well paid, the spies might prematurely retire from this risky business. In recent years, as the Bell-Zacharski trial in California revealed, Soviet spy masters have offered considerably larger sums. (Zacharski was among the three recently exchanged in Berlin for 23 prisoners held in East German and Polish jails.) They badly needed modern technology.

THE OTHER important change concerns the "tasking" of espionage, to use the official unlovely term. Up until the Second World War, the secrets required were largely political-military, but since then scientific-technological intelligence has become the main field of action. The Soviet "organs," although not the only contenders in the field, are by far the biggest. They are still interested in all aspects of American political life, ranging from Congress and the two major parties to the Washington think tanks. But for years the main effort has been on arms technology and certain basic scientific developments.

This kind of espionage is potentially far more dangerous than anything ever done by Kim Philby and his contemporaries in the 1940s and 1950s. A Philby could thwart the efforts of the British secret service; he could, for instance, pass on to the Russians prior warning on a British intelligence operation in Albania. But since Churchill and his successors (or the army chiefs of staff) were not in the habit of sharing their thoughts on grand strategy with M16, the overall damage done by the British spies was in reality much less than commonly assumed; nor was it irreparable. The harm done by the American naval and technological spies is potentially much larger, and not only in terms of money. It concerns large sectors of U.S. national security and, incidentally, also arms control. It may have serious political consequences in both foreign and domestic affairs.

All kinds of reasons have been adduced for the spread of espionage in recent years, ranging from the invention of the Xerox machine to the absurd proliferation of security clearances. Some have pointed to the massive reorganization of the CIA in the 1970s, in which its counterintelligence arm was virtually dismantled. (It ceased to be "functional," and was divided into small area desks. There was no longer any central direction.) This is true, but it is unlikely that even with the old structure intact James J. Angleton or his successors would have discovered the Walkers.

Others, including Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, have come out in favor of the death penalty in major cases of treason. It is perfectly true that capital punishment would act as a deterrent if those about to engage in espionage were calculating rationally the risks involved. But most spies are not very rational, let alone farsighted, and in any case they are convinced that *they* will never get caught. If totalitarian regimes suppress espionage more easily than democracies, it is not so much because of the threat of the death penalty as because the entire society is riddled with spies and informers—something incompatible with democracy. Still others have put the blame on the

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ethos (or lack of it) of the acquisitive society, citing as evidence John Walker's desire to own an airplane and to frequent expensive restaurants. There may be some truth to all this, but there are criminals in every society, however idealistic, and it is with these elements that one has to deal.

Insufficient attention has been given to an observation made by Christopher Boyce (of *The Snowman and the Falcon* fame), who now serves a 6[illegible]-year sentence for selling the Soviets sensitive information about spy satellites. He told a Senate committee in closed session that "there is a whole generation of Americans who have a view of espionage that is just totally false . . . and I really think the entertainment industry pushes that along." Boyce exaggerates when referring to a "whole generation," and there is no known case of anyone who became a spy after watching *Three Days of the Condor* or reading a John Le Carré novel, with its evenhanded description of Soviet and Western intelligence. And yet who can deny that treason has been trivialized in our society? In some quarters espionage has been seen more as a transgression than as a crime—behavior not befitting a gentleman but at least understandable given the follies of governments, the inequities of society, and the relative character of most institutions and values.

WHAT CAN be done to remedy the situation? The suggestion to reduce the amount of unnecessarily classified material and the number of security clearances is eminently sensible. But even a drastic reduction would probably leave a million or so people handling sensitive material of one kind or another. Obviously it is easier to check on potential spy masters than on a million potential suspects, but the resources to do so are clearly insufficient. A few hundred FBI agents are currently dealing with more than 3,000 Soviet officials in the U.S.—not to mention a few thousand East European and other Communist country nationals. (These numbers have greatly increased over the last 15 years.) Although not every one of them works for the KGB or the GRU, it is said that 40 percent are associated one way or another. Even if the number is one in five, extensive manpower is needed to establish this fact in the first place. Again, it can be assumed that not all the KGB people are actually running local agents. Some no doubt are doing research on such legitimate subjects as the interaction of ions and plasmas with solid surfaces. Others spy on their own people or simply run around New York, Washington, and the neighborhood, making life difficult for the people trying to identify the real culprits.

One possible course is to reduce the number of Communist bloc residents in the U.S. to the level of U.S. citizens in the Soviet Union. This has been opposed by some experts, who claim that it is easier to control the diplomatic spies than the illegal residents who would be infiltrated if the number of "diplomats" were drastically reduced. It is also true that if the Russians can give the FBI the runaround, America can keep the Russians busy with bogus "walk-ins"—that is, Americans offering their service for one purpose or another. The background of every one of these walk-ins has to be checked carefully, a job likely to keep many a KGB operative from doing mischief elsewhere.

But if, as recent events have shown, the supervision of the "diplomats" has been so difficult, not much would be lost if their number were radically cut, even if this would mean a new wave of "illegals." Perhaps the risk is not as great as commonly thought, for infiltrating an illegal such as Rudolf Abel in the 1950s is a long-term investment, and motivation among the spy masters seems no longer what it used to be. How many citizens of Soviet bloc countries, cut off from their comrades, can be trusted to be exposed for a long period to the temptations of the decadent West? The incorruptible, fervent believer seems no longer to exist; experience shows that indoctrination wears off after a few years. In brief, the Soviets too have considerable weaknesses that might be put to good use.

The need for effective counterintelligence of this kind has become painfully obvious. As *The New York Times* recently pointed out, there are currently more Americans on trial for espionage than there have ever been. In addition to the Walker ring, they include an employee of Northrop, a former Army cryptographer, an employee of Hughes Aircraft, and a former F.B.I. agent. Death sentences will not be a cure; preventive medicine might have some effect. In the 1970s the CIA counterintelligence capacity was reduced to such an extent that it ceased to be a serious factor. The other agencies were hemmed in by so many legal restrictions that they too could not operate effectively. The case of Jim Jones's "People's Temple" in Guyana was not atypical. The CIA could not deal with it because it involved American citizens. The FBI could not touch it because it concerned a religious sect beyond the U.S. borders. It was only after the collective suicide in 1978 that it began to be investigated, and that it became known that the leaders of the sect had offered their services to the Soviet Union.

FOLLOWING the recent scandals, there will be much pressure for strengthening counterintelligence. The measures are likely to include putting greater resources at the disposal of the FBI and CIA, issuing new National Security Council guidelines, preparing new legislation, and integrating interagency activities in this field. Some have long suggested the establishment of a separate supra-counterintelligence agency side by side with the existing intelligence agencies. Historical experience in this country and abroad with this approach does not inspire much confidence.

The intelligence reforms of the 1970s destroyed some controls and safeguards that were clearly needed. The pendulum was bound to swing back. But it took the Walker clan to prove the immense damage that can be done by even poorly paid amateurs, and to give the movement an impetus it otherwise might not have had. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The World As Witness

Vengeance Is Mine
(Kino International)

On June 18 two men broke into the home of a Tokyo businessman and stabbed him to death. This event was distinguished in our routinely murderous world by the fact that about 40 reporters and photographers, who had gathered outside the front door to cover a story about the businessman, heard the two assailants announce that they were going to kill him, watched them break in, waited, did nothing except to try to get better shots of the stabbing through the window, then photographed the blood-spattered murderers as they emerged.

I saw this story on American TV after an odd preparation: a few days earlier I had seen Shohei Imamura's profoundly unsettling film, *Vengeance Is Mine*, which deals with a mass murderer. The connection for me was not between the film murderer, Enokizu (based on an actual case in the 1960s), and the two Tokyo assassins. Those two men were incensed to homicide by the dead man's reported swindlings of elderly poor people. That is not excuse but explanation, though Enokizu has no kind of comparable explanation. The connection for me was between Enokizu and those 40 journalists, not one of whom called the police. (A neighbor did.) This is more than the occupational abrasion of the journalist who often comes to think that the world scythes people as grist for his mill; nor is it apathy, exactly. It is the quasi-hypnosis of the voyeur, something close to disbelief in horror—except when it happens to you—as anything but an event to *watch*. When people flocked to Tyburn in Elizabethan London to see traitors half-hanged, then disemboweled, at least they actively had to go there (and, I'd say, enjoy vicarious sadism in revenge for their cramped lives). Those Japanese journalists, I felt, were simply letting life happen, not even with any intoxicating relish of professional coup. They seemed to me little different from the American cocktail waitress, photographed for *Life* some years ago, stepping daintily over the body of a murdered man in a bar as she carried a tray of drinks to customers.

It's this quality, I think—a numbing of distinction between fact and fiction, a numbing of empathy and imagination—that Imamura is treating in his film. Enokizu kills five people, one of them a pregnant woman, and most of the murders are performed with almost calm thoroughness, violent but not angry. He seems much of the time to be watching himself do the killings, as perpetrator and voyeur combined. Imamura is showing us that Enokizu, simply as a member of our world, has made us members of the corps of Japanese journalists. We are not all murderers, but we are all expecters, awaiters of murder, and Enokizu himself almost seems to be saying, "All right? Satisfied for today?" The very fact that between killings he is a thoroughly well-behaved man, not a drooling maniac, only verifies this. Our world doesn't visibly drool.

Vengeance Is Mine, made in 1979, is Imamura's 12th feature, and already has a place in the reference books and encyclopedias. (It's only the second Imamura film to be shown here; the first was a remake of *The Ballad of Narayama*, an austere tale of medieval Japan, which I thought not quite as strong as the version by Keisuke Kinoshita done in 1958.) Imamura was born in Tokyo in 1926, worked as an assistant to Ozu, whose influence he reflects not one whit, made his first picture in 1958, and has, I gather, developed predominant traits. Allan Casebier wrote an article about Imamura in *Film Criticism*, fall 1983, called "Images of Irrationality in Modern Japan," in which he said:

> To Western ears, "irrational" connotes "crazy," or "out of control," or "incapable of functioning." In Japan, however, "irrational" is to be understood in a different, far more positive way. . . . For the Japanese, life itself is irrational in that it is ultimately mysterious and incapable of explanation by any rational activity. . . . Raised as we [Westerners] are to value the rational above all other qualities, we have come to equate, all too willingly and somewhat naively, rationality with reality. Imamura challenges this comfortable notion. In so doing, he is really addressing one single audience, Japanese and Western alike.

Vengeance Is Mine epitomizes what Casebier is saying, in its darkest aspect.

Enokizu is seen at the start, in 1964, being taken to prison where in time, as he knows, he will be hanged. The film consists mostly of flashbacks that reconstruct his life and the lives around him. He comes from a Catholic family, is the son of a fisherman, has married, has served a two-year prison term for fraud, and has now abandoned his wife, Kazuko.

The relationship between his father and Kazuko, who lives with Enokizu's parents, is much more than a subplot. Kazuko, alone and unhappy, is physically very attracted to her father-in-law, who controls himself. Enokizu senses the mutual attraction, assumes that it is consummated, and, in a way, this is given as an explanation of his vicious behavior. Also, eccentrically, it explains the title. But Enokizu was a bad

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Home and the World. Satyajit Ray's film of Tagore's novel gently yet firmly delineates change in the home and in the nation—East Bengal, 1907. (Reviewed 7/8/85)

The Shooting Party. Forgive the explicit symbolism about the coming catastrophe, and enjoy the dialogue, acting, and look of this English film, set in 1913. (6/17/85)

Streetwise. Excellently made documentary, full of unsentimental compassion, about young street people of Seattle. (5/13/85)

What Have I Done to Deserve This? Black comedy about Madrid today, full of grim fun though not finally quite black enough. (5/20/85)

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egg before; and if he uses his wife's supposed dalliance as motive, it is no more than an almost vicious whim of his. Taken seriously, the vengeance idea would badly diminish the film.

That father-Kazuko relationship, unconsummated, is a counterpoint to the actions of Enokizu, whose insatiable sexual appetite is closely linked with his violence. The story deals with 80 days in which, after a graphic double killing for money, he lives a life he knows is doomed, and lives it calmly, in various simple disguises, with various women. (He gives a stripper his crucifix.) The sex is steamily shown, the murders are fearfully explicit, including that of the woman he has impregnated. But any evasive treatment—anything less than this calm man moving through beds and butcheries—would vitiate what Imamura wants to do: to isolate a component of contemporary human nature, along with our capability of watching it.

The last scene between father and son is in prison. The father tells him he has been excommunicated, and that he has asked to be excommunicated himself for bringing such a son into the world. (I don't understand the meaning of the Catholicism to a Japanese viewer. Perhaps the family is Catholic only because the life models were. Any subtler resonance is lost on me.) We are meant to know that the father is far from saintly, even though he hasn't made love to Kazuko, because we saw him and his daughter-in-law horribly kill a dog who bit her. But no dog has bitten Enokizu. The father says he has never been afraid of the son because Enokizu only kills people he doesn't hate.

In an epilogue five years later the father and Kazuko go up on a hilltop to scatter the ashes and bones of the cremated Enokizu. (No explanation of why it took so long to hang him.) In this last sequence Imamura italicizes his theme a touch heavily. The scattered bones, even the little urn, stick in the air after they are tossed. The earth will not have them.

The cinematography by Shinsaku Himeda, who has often worked with Imamura, is insidiously right. At first the color seems a trifle rich, even lush; then we understand that the world doesn't look any less pretty when skull-bashings and stabbings take place. Imamura directs in a style that can be called less cinematic than ideational: that is, his filmmaking isn't essentially a matter of characteristic camera movement or framing or editing or lighting. His style consists of making us present, like those 40 journalists, without blatancy but without evasion. Actually he selects most carefully, but the effect is of fullness, sufficiency.

The cast is flawless. Particularly vivid are Rentaro Mikuni as the father and Mitsuko Baishu as Kazuko. Mayumi Ogawa is movingly desperate as a woman who keeps an inn, who is kept by a protector but who falls desperately in love with Enokizu and is unshaken when she learns he is the hunted murderer; she wants to bear his child. Enokizu is played by Ken Ogata, tall, square-jawed, cunning. (He has the title role in the forthcoming American-made *Mishima*.) Ogata gives us a man intelligent enough to see his existence as an irony in a world that doesn't deserve any better. *Vengeance Is Mine* is a harsh extension of Camus's *The Stranger*. Enokizu's entire life is an *acte gratuit*.

Note: *Vengeance Is Mine*, which has been shown at various festivals, at last opens in a theater, in Chicago, this July.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Unsettled Weather

American theater weather has been unusually unsettled recently, which could be taken as a sign of hope or of gloom. Broadway's meteorologic problems have been the most widely publicized, reaching even into late-night news broadcasts. Attendance continues to decline badly, and so does income. (For the first time in memory, higher ticket prices fail to compensate for diminished audiences.) Meanwhile, the number of new shows and operating theaters has fallen to a new low. Two more major producers—Alexander Cohen and Hal Prince—resigned from the League of New York Theaters, the latter protesting that the goals of independent producers and conglomerate theater owners were not exactly compatible. The Shuberts, who operate in both spheres, renting theaters to their own shows, naturally believe otherwise. Still claiming there's nothing wrong with Broadway that a big hit won't cure, they continue to make profits on their 17 New York theaters, regardless of the climate. But the day of the independent producer appears to be at an end, and with it, the era of adventurous productions. The producers blame the critics (particularly Frank Rich of the *The New York Times*) and the critics (particularly Rich of the *Times*) blame theater prices. What most can agree on is that Broadway, once the major force in our theater culture, has gone into a coma.

It is also widely recognized that the task of originating ambitious new work has fallen to the resident theaters, but even that once-promising movement is in disarray. One reason is the timidity of season scheduling in the face of funding shortages, another is a confused sense of identity. With a few noble exceptions, these institutions seem uncertain about their purpose, intimidated by their subscribers, paralyzed by their boards. A further drain on these theaters is the continuing fascination of New York, which preserves its odd allure despite its ravaged state. Instead of addressing their own communities and challenging the perceptions of their audiences, many of these institutions are still being pulled into the deteriorating Broadway orbit, either through pressure from the media or the ambitions of their own personnel.

One or another of these influences has been responsible for disturbing changes recently, some in the leadership of key resident theaters, some in their schedules. The Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis, for example, has just announced the resignation of Liviu Ciulei, the brilliant Rumanian director who worked manfully for five years to express his own impulse toward experiment while trying to accommodate the conservative tastes of Minneapolis. His long-rumored departure brings to an end the Guthrie's halfhearted effort to expose its audience to new developments in international theater. Gregory Mosher's acceptance of the stewardship of the Vivian Beaumont may chase the ghosts

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from that haunted house, but it is a serious blow to Chicago's Goodman Theatre, which was just beginning to hit its stride as a generator of new plays. Mosher's departure leaves the Goodman with a bundle of problems, both financial and artistic, another example of how success can affect a theater's future as adversely as failure.

Chicago, in fact, has proved particularly vulnerable to New York's magnetic fields. That "somber city," as Saul Bellow called it, was becoming the locus of a sinewy new American realism, not only in the Goodman's Mamet and Rabe productions, but in the work of smaller companies such as Wisdom Bridge, whose *In the Belly of the Beast* is currently playing in London to much acclaim, and Steppenwolf, which has developed a unique style of naturalistic acting. Steppenwolf first came to attention in the national media when its Chicago version of *True West* moved off-Broadway. Since then, most of the founding members have moved as well. John Malkovich, besides starring in a number of movies, played Biff in Broadway's *Death of a Salesman* and directed a Steppenwolf *Balm in Gilead* at Circle Rep and *Arms and the Man* at Circle in the Square—the latter featuring Steppenwolf's Glenne Headly. Gary Sinise, who has acted in a number of Steppenwolf productions in New York, recently directed *Orphans* off-Broadway. And Joan Allen, featured in Steppenwolf's *And the Nightingale Sang*, is currently playing in *The Marriage of Bette and Boo* at the Public. Who, one might ask, is minding the neighborhood store?

AS A matter of fact, Steppenwolf continues to operate in Chicago, and its absent members occasionally return for a reunion, but the company may be learning what the Group Theatre discovered too late, to its regret: that you cannot have a personal career and still maintain the aesthetic ideals of an ensemble. Malkovich's current production of *Arms and the Man* is a case in point. It is a considerable mess. The confusion of acting styles is baffling enough, but more puzzling is how a serious theater artist could have selected this piece of Shavian fluff—the play is dated and featherweight, fit only as a libretto for the light opera (*The Chocolate Soldier*) it later became. The kindest conclusion is that Malkovich was trying to prove himself capable of more than the glowering understated neorealism that had become his trademark. But the only one who survives the wreck, with its Styrofoam Tyrolean sets and its histrionic posturing, is Kevin Kline, largely because he has finally mastered the secret of movie acting—minimal expression and maximum charm in the face of exaggerated artifice.

I SUSPECT the American National Theater at the Kennedy Center is now experiencing another sort of New York pressure; or so one would infer from its recent schedule change. Believing that a fledgling theater should be judged on the basis of its track record rather than individual shows, I had planned to postpone my discussion of Peter Sellars's ambitious new project until it had completed its first season. Now it appears that the first season will not be completed, at least as planned. Initially, Sellars announced three projects for his pilot year: Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, directed by Tim Mayer, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, directed by Sellars, and a newly discovered play by Mae West, director to be announced. This was a peculiar mix, to say the least. The only unity I could divine was that each show required a star. You don't do *Henry IV* without a great Falstaff, or a James O'Neill tub-thumper without James O'Neill, or a Mae West play without Miss West. None of these phantoms materialized. If any star emerged, it was the artistic director himself.

Mayer's production was diffuse and ill-defined and closed after four performances. One could understand the uneven acting of a newly formed company, and forgive the fogginess of the conception. What was really unprofessional were the mechanics of the Eisenhower Theater, as if the stagehands had decided to scuttle the show. The scene changes were interminable. Pieces of the set were sometimes left behind on stage; props failed to work. Costumes were slipshod. Instead of featuring an inspired Falstaff, the role was performed by the same actor who played King Henry (a double showed his back to the audience whenever both characters were on stage at the same time). This Falstaff was in a state of severe depression, possibly a result of the reviews; indeed, the entire production was depressed. Before disowning it, Mr. Sellars explained that the critics had failed to recognize how truly avant-garde was a highly conservative interpretation of Shakespeare.

Sellars's version of *The Count of Monte Cristo* was hardly conservative. It could be recommended, in fact, as the most complete available anthology of modern performance techniques, running the gamut from Meyenhold to Brecht, from Beckett to Lee Breuer, from Robert Wilson to André Serban. It lasted almost four hours and was not without riveting moments, especially when Roscoe Lee Browne and Zakes Mokae were on stage, or occasional substance, when Sellars tried to elevate this old warhorse into an avant-garde epic about the relationship between fathers and sons. But for most of the time, I felt I was in a manic ice rink rather than a theater, with the director trying to impress us with his figure skating rather than his command of the text. He left some clever patterns on the surface, particularly the visual effects, achieved on a bare stage (to confound those renegade stagehands?) occasionally decorated with abstract metallic constructions that looked like an extraterrestrial men's locker. But most of the ideas—the primary colors of the makeup, the blinding lights in our eyes, the zoned miking, the heads popping out of the scenery, the long scenes played entirely in the dark, the Beethoven and Schnitke concerts—seemed to me more like attention-getting mechanisms than efforts to penetrate the play. I fear this inventive young director is presently in danger of becoming a casualty of his own cleverness.

I FEAR also for his authority at the Kennedy Center. It has been announced that the first American National Theater season will conclude not with the Mae West vehicle Sellars discovered in the Library of Congress (inspiring him, with characteristic hyperbole, to proclaim her the finest female playwright of our time), but with a Broadway-bound retread of *The Ice Man Cometh* directed by José Quintero and starring Jason Robards. This was the production that first brought Circle in the Square to prominence in the 1950s—in short, it is a project designed to produce nostalgia in O'Neill fans, and bring some dignity to Broadway, which needs a great play on its boards, however familiar. But is this an appropriate season's end for an ambitious new institution whose declared artistic purpose is to "reinvent the world"? Since pre-Broadway tryouts have always been traditional Kennedy Center staples, it looks more like reinventing the wheel, arousing

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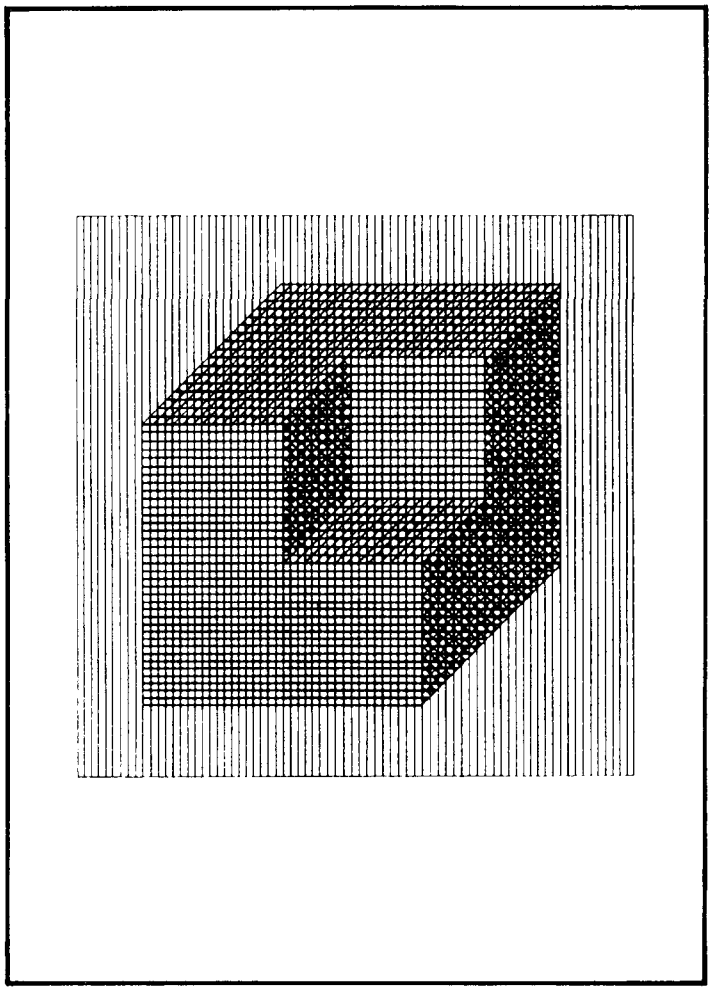

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suspicions that either Sellars is overcommitted elsewhere or that Roger Stevens has decided to reestablish command of his deficit-ridden theater. How does Sellars's resident company figure in this cast of New York-imported, New York-bound actors? What part will Sellars play? Does this schedule change portend a significant new policy at the Eisenhower or is it just a momentary expediency? The real drama is not on the stage of the Kennedy Center—or at the Guthrie or the Goodman—but rather in the scheduling decisions and the leadership changes. While waiting for the inclement weather to clear, one watches with concern the signs of impending storms.

CZECH AT THE NET

Martina
by Martina Navratilova, with George Vecsey

(Knopf, 288 pp., $16.95)

Whatever else America may be, it is a land of the free and a home of the brave. That is why, to me at least, it sounds convincing when, right at the beginning of her autobiography, Martina Navratilova says:

> I didn't feel I belonged anywhere until I came to America. . . . I'm not a mystic about many things—I tend to be pretty pragmatic about life—but I honestly believe I was born to be an American. With all due respect to my homeland, things never really felt right until the day I got off the plane in Florida.

Martina is a pioneer in a certain sense, perhaps in the Ur-sense in which the Pilgrim Fathers were pioneers, pathfinders, breakers of new ground. They, too, came to seek freedom; they, too, eventually found a land of incredible riches. Others followed. Likewise, if it were not for Martina's valiant decision, Hana Mandlíková, Helena Suková, Renáta Tomanová, and all the other sturdy Czech girls would not be playing the international pro-tennis circuit today, nor would Ivan Lendl be permitted to keep most of his money for himself and pay only a pittance to Czech authorities.

All these stars of the tennis court would be combating third-raters in Czechoslovakia and in other socialist countries, and appear only sporadically at the big professional tournaments. They would be hopeless losers, too, because unless you face the top players all year round, your chances of becoming a top player youself are less than minimal. It is a vicious circle, ideology versus reality, and by doing what she did, Martina eventually forced the inflexible ideologists to turn into compromising pragmatists. Look, she told them by her defection, if you do not let us, the tennis players, decide for ourselves how often and where we want to play, if you do not permit us to keep a decent share of our earnings, there will be no earnings at all—for you. Defectors do not have to pay usury to the government.

The story was quite dramatic: a classical case of a bureaucracy willing to destroy the chances of a strong and talented individual rather than lose control over her. Martina—and her coauthor, George Vecsey—tell the tale in dramatic terms.

At first the bureaucrats would let Martina travel abroad without much fuss. She appeared in the big American tournaments in 1973, 1974, and 1975. Of her earnings, the Czechoslovak Tennis Federation allowed her to keep $11, later $17, as a per diem, which probably contributed to her celebrated love affair with American fast food. She certainly proved its nutritive value; and she also proved something else by saving, over a period of three years, $2,000 from that measly pocket money to buy a Czech car for her daddy back home. The bulk of what she made she had to fork over to authorities.

So far so good. But on the tour Martina broke a basic rule of socialist traveling. Rather than associate only with the Federation bureaucrats accompanying the team and with the players from other Eastern countries, she became increasingly chummy with her idols: the sweet blond named Chris Evert, the beautiful Australian Evonne Goolagong, the legendary Billie Jean King, the powerful Margaret Court, after whom she had patterned herself most. In addition to breaking the rules, she then committed a cardinal sin: in 1975, without asking Prague, she decided to stay for one more tournament on Amelia Island in Florida.

In the middle of that tournament a telegram arrived from the Federation, advising that she had better come home quick. The budding star, terrified by the ominous missive, broke down in tears. Billie Jean wiped them away, and a tournament official called Edie McGoldrick wired back not to worry, everything was O.K. with young Martina, she would be safely dispatched home right after the tournament.

That was American thinking, because nothing was O.K. with Martina. She made it to the finals, lost to Chris Evert, and flew home with some nice money for the Federation, which, she hoped, would help. But at the Federation they received her coolly and with reprimands. She had become "too Americanized," they claimed. What did that mean? Well, she "was too friendly with American players like Chris and Billie Jean and Rosie and [she'd] better start paying more attention to Czech officials." Like the average American, I suppose, Martina at 18, with little experience of the nastier aspects of totalitarian bureaucracy, could not comprehend why she should "have to be friendly to some people and not others." Were the officials serious when they ordered her to prefer the company of tight-lipped functionaries, whose pleasant trips to the West depended on toeing the party line even at Forest Hills, to the company of those exciting girls who were paving the way to an international acceptance of women's professional tennis? Ridiculous.

THE OFFICIALS gave her one more chance at the French Open, but she stubbornly broke the same rule again. Instead of living with the other Czechs in a cheap hotel on the outskirts, she rented a room in the fancy hotel where all the seeded players were staying. After all, she was also seeded, she played doubles with Chris Evert, and the hotel offered advantageous rates to the champions.

Later that year she was scheduled to

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play in a junior tournament in France, but official permission was not forthcoming. "We want to give some of the younger kids a chance to play in international competition." All right, it *was* a junior tournament, and though Martina was not exactly a senior they *were* younger kids. But the bureaucrats—they probably thought it was clever—also suggested they might not let her go to the U.S. Open. Then the suggestion soon turned to reality. She was not to go.

AS ALWAYS, the Gray Zone people—the decent unknowns who infiltrate all the echelons of a totalitarian bureaucracy—set to work. Jan Kodeš, the fine Wimbledon player, put in a word with some big shots, and one of them, Stanislav Chvátal, talked Antonín Himl, the president of the Tennis Federation, into making the most fruitful mistake of his career: he gave his blessing to Martina's last trip from Prague to the promised land of America.

She arrived and she decided to stay. An explosion followed, and then a visit in Martina's hotel room by the Czech coach Věra Suková and a man from the Czechoslovak Embassy in Washington. This guy proved to be quite a diplomat. He assured Martina that if she returned "everything would be forgotten and . . . they'd let [her] do anything [she] wanted." But she had to return by October 30, when her exit visa ran out. If she tried to come back after that date, she'd go to jail for two years.

Then it dawned on the psychologist that a threat of this kind somewhat weakens the assurances given prior to it. He quickly added that, yes, if she stayed in the U.S., she would be in trouble with the F.B.I. "He did his best to work on my Czech paranoia and fear of authority," writes Martina. "The whole scene was hilarious. The embassy man said he had been tailed all the way from Washington. . . . Věra [Suková] told me I was being followed as well . . . [but] I was more afraid of what the Czechs would do to me than any American."

She did not budge. A few days later the Czech Tennis Federation issued a statement that said: "Martina Navratilova has suffered a defeat in the face of Czechoslovak society. Navratilova had all possibilities in Czechoslovakia to develop her talent, but she preferred . . . a fat bank account."

For many years to come this was the last time Martina's name appeared in the Czech mass media. It became customary for sports editors to inform their readers that Martina had once again made it by printing news items like: "The four semifinalists at this year's Wimbledon are already known. They are Chris Evert, Andrea Jaeger, and Evonne Goolagong."

Interestingly enough, the bureaucrat's interpretation of Martina's motives curiously agreed with the motives American journalists ascribed to the teenage girl. "The American sports reporters," writes Martina, "kept harping on whether I had a boyfriend in America or whether I wanted to make more money." She repeatedly retorted: "I wanted my freedom!" Still, they were not getting the point. "Maybe unless you've lived in Eastern Europe, it's hard to know the difference between East and West." Indeed. For an American it may really be hard to comprehend that young Martina's primary concern, rather than money, was that universally available commodity, freedom.

Money, of course, she eventually did make, lots of it; and the pages of her book that follow the drama of her decision demonstrate her real Americanization, not the one that the bureaucrats saw in Martina's attachment to her idols of the tennis court—to the players who until recently had been just faces on photographs, and suddenly became young dedicated women in the flesh, friendly in the good old American way and willing to help the wide-eyed and slightly scared youngster from the exotic land in the East.

I suppose these later pages are likely to be more interesting to the American reader than the story of Martina's fortunes in the old country. Understandably, they were not so to me, since I am a biased reviewer for whom, as for all his old countrymen, Martina is much more than just the best female tennis player of all time. I have, for instance, always thought her pretty, even in the early days when people would say that "she is a rather ugly horse-faced musclewoman, but she has a terrific serve!" Maybe hers is a horse-face, but I have never considered horses ugly. As her father used to tell the complex-ridden matchstick of a little tomboy whom a toilet attendant, thinking the child was a boy, did not permit to ac-

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company her mother to the loo: "You are a late bloomer, Martinka!" You bet she is.

Also the affair with Rita Mae Brown does not excite me so much as it undoubtedly will some, though she writes about it with taste and restraint and does not really disclose any saucy details. Not that I would not be interested in sex, but the pages that describe her attachment to her ancient grandmother Šubrtová are the ones that possess real beauty and human warmth. There was nothing extraordinary about the rural octogenarian who, on Martina's invitation, landed one day in Dallas, Texas, viewed all the incredible gadgets in her granddaughter's house—the three color TVs, the microwave oven, the remote control for the garage door, the Jacuzzi, the telephone answering machine—stared at them and shook her head. The simple woman who, when introduced to Chris Evert, asked incredulously—and in Czech—as if she were addressing Snow White: "You are *the* Chris Evert?" Nothing extraordinary, except a humanity untouched by the human excretions of the 20th century.

THIS and several similar stories lift the level of the narrative to what I think is quite moving prose. The dramas of the second half of the book, taking place on the tennis courts of the world—the intrigue, the jealousies, the stress, the exhaustion, the good luck and the bad luck, the friendships and the fiendships—all that is very competently written and probably quite absorbing for the real tennis aficionado. But I, from my biased point of view, prefer the legend of Granny Šubrtová, the innocent infatuation of the little tomboy with her handsome tennis coach George Parma, the anguish of the skinny teenager caused by her lack of need for a brassiere.

How much of that human charm went into the book from Martina's narration, and what is to be attributed to the skills of George Vecsey, is hard to tell. As in all things Czech, there are, somewhere in the background, touches of absurdity. George Vecsey's previous work was the coauthorship of Loretta Lynn's autobiography, *Coal Miner's Daughter*. That is, of course, the story from which the movie *Coal Miner's Daughter* was made, starring that other freckled Czech from Texas, Cissy Špačková. (The film was released in Czechoslovakia, though the title was changed to *The First Lady of Country Music/První dáma country music*. Strange, in a country where working-class origins are such an asset. Why suppress Loretta's working-class background and stress her capitalist success?)

An impersonal scar is embedded in the soul of the young, successful, pretty American millionairess. Martina shares that damaged tissue with my anonymous friend in the Bronx who served 12 years in jail because, when he was young and innocent, he shared her unsophisticated but wholesome belief in democracy, and drew appropriate conclusions. His sole reward is a personal letter from Ronald Reagan. Not a pension, or a prebend. Just a short note signed by the president of the United States thanking him for the services he rendered to America and the cause of freedom. Martina shares that scar with me, with most Czechs. "Our hopes had been built up so high—'socialism with a human face'—and now we're getting a boot in our face forever, as George Orwell once described the future." This tennis player, whom Miloš Forman once characterized as a charming girl with a fuzzy ball instead of a brain, is not called the "Joseph Conrad of tennis" just for her ability to talk too much in almost perfect American. She reads and makes good use of some of Milan Kundera's observations in her memoirs. She has a solid Czech sense of humor, a humor mixed with sadness, as the pages describing her winter of discontent demonstrate—the terrible, nostalgic, killing first year of being alone in a strange land, without mom or dad, without granny, without baby sister Jana. She also has that most wholesome resentment toward the Russians—not toward individuals, but toward the specter of Russia that is the specter of communism. She can be just and compassionate to those who bear no responsibility for what the more equal among the Russians have done to her country: "I ended up going to one [official party] when I was about sixteen or seventeen. They had a Russian gymnast and Olympic medalist there, but she looked so uncomfortable that I felt sorry for her. . . . It was clear . . . she wasn't free to just work at her specialty—she had to promote the party line." But when Martina meets imperialist arrogance, unfortunately so characteristic of so many Russians today who ravage her native country, she can be nicely caustic:

> My resentment toward the Russians made me a better tennis player. A year or two [after the invasion of 1968] I was playing doubles against two Russian girls, and when my partner and I won the match, this blond Russian was so conceited, she just stuck out her hand and tapped mine. She wouldn't even shake, palm to palm, which was all right with me.
>
> "You need a tank to beat me," I told her.

There is some little hope for me—and not just for me—in that little rebuttal.

JOSEF ŠKVORECKÝ

Josef Škvorecký is the author most recently of *The Engineer of Human Souls* (Knopf).

LAW AND MORAL ORDER

A Matter of Principle
by Ronald Dworkin

(Harvard University Press, 417 pp., $25)

The central inquiry of legal philosophy is—what is law? Deceptively simple and maddeningly puzzling, this question launches the serious thinker on an arduous analysis. Laws are made by people, but when we appeal to the law we seem most of the time to be making a moral claim. Is this because law has some natural or necessary overlap with moral duties and rights, or does it just arise from expectations created by mutual reliance on particular rules? Is it explicable, perhaps, in terms of a psychological state induced by fear of force and the propaganda of a self-interested ruling class?

What do judges do when they interpret or make law, and what should they

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be doing? Rules cannot dictate an obviously correct result in hard cases like the Supreme Court's abortion decision. Does this mean that we are governed in such crucial matters by the discretion of a few non-elected people whose clerks are adept at decorating any outcome with seemly verbiage? Is a Supreme Court opinion nothing more than a press release? If so, what becomes of our claim that we are a democracy? To pursue these questions only partway should convince us that legal philosophy soon conducts us into political philosophy; it helps to define difficult issues concerning what it means to live together in a society governed by rules.

IT WOULD be healthy if not only philosophers, but also some people in the legal profession, were thinking about these matters. The natural forum for such scholarship would be our university law schools, where general views of the law and the legal system should be developed by those who teach the subject for students who will receive a doctoral degree. But in fact very few schools take the teaching or study of legal philosophy seriously. American law schools have not yet escaped from their long history of serving as vocational training centers for a profession that is not much interested in organizing its own practical education. General, reflective approaches to law are cold-shouldered, while the five-finger exercises of "clinical programs" are the vogue. In these academies the intellectual receives almost as chilling a reception as he would in a hard-hat bar.

This stultifying atmosphere explains why Ronald Dworkin, who teaches law at New York University and at Oxford and who has scoured a gleaming new thruway across his subject, is more honored among philosophers and political scientists than among lawyers. It may also explain why he has done much of his teaching and writing over the last decade in England. This partial exile has been unfortunate, for Dworkin speaks with a specially American voice, bearing a hopeful gospel that the parched community of American lawyers and law professors needs to hear and debate.

Dworkin forges a link between law and morality with the proposition that the courts should generally decide cases in the light of principle. Principle here refers to deciding in terms of the rights of individuals as opposed to policy, which refers to promoting some element of the public welfare or general interest. People go to court to get what they think they are entitled to, to vindicate their rights, rather than to argue that a decision in their favor would advance some conception of social benefit for the majority. Indeed, citizens expect rights to be enforced even if in some sense this may be bad policy. This is the essence of the "rule of law," and courts should answer with the same voice and must generally allow rights to "trump" policy considerations.

The trick is to identify rights and to resolve clashes between them. For Dworkin legal rights, the rights that courts enforce, are the product of a particular social compact in a particular society. Viewed in this way, such rights are political in two senses. The narrow sense is that they cannot contradict the plain meaning of enacted laws, for this would defy the nature of the social compact. But if legal rights did not extend beyond those expressly set out in the statute book, Dworkin's position would hardly be interesting. The novelty of his thesis lies in his assertion that there is a second and broader tier of politico-legal rights, ones that ought to be (and in fact are) noticed by the courts even though not plainly set out in the rule book.

WHERE do courts find these rights? Sometimes they flow from principles that evolve in particular branches of the legal system, principles that themselves express moral ideas, such as that no one should profit from his own wrong or that both parties to a dispute must be heard. At the deepest level they stem from principles that are inferred from the constitutional system as a whole in the light of its historical development. For example, the Constitution nowhere says that government must treat people as equals but only that they should not be denied the equal protection of the laws, which could be interpreted as a much narrower idea. (School segregation was at one time defended as compatible with the Constitution on the ground that equal protection of the law was not violated if equivalent facilities were provided.) But Dworkin contends that the development of the United States Constitution in Supreme Court decisions can only be viewed coherently if we accept the proposition that each person must be treated as having equal worth and dignity. In its inception the

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understanding of this principle was dim and limited. It was not perceived that it applied to blacks or to women. We now see more clearly; we can view the painful journey through the Fourteenth Amendment and *Brown v. Board of Education* to the civil rights statutes as a progressive unveiling of the best version of the early American vision, a development and refining of our conceptions until they fulfill the concept that always underlay the evolving system.

HOW DO we account for such a development? Before Dworkin the conventional answer was that judges must go as far as they can with linguistic interpretations of the exact words of a statute or the Constitution, perhaps illuminated by some legislative history. When such linguistic or historical probing will not solve the difficult case, judges must exercise their discretion. It was as if, when his car ran out of gas, the judge could take a bicycle out of the trunk and freewheel over the frontier of the law into terra incognita.

Dworkin rejects this orthodox view of the nature of adjudication, arguing that it distorts the character of government by suggesting that the only law west of the rule book is the discretion of officials. To accept this would be to give up on both democracy and the rule of law. In Dworkin's presentation good adjudication is always in terms of the law, and always a declaration of political rights as it seeks to expose the deepest principles underlying the rules relevant to a dispute. The duty of judges in a hard case is to puzzle and debate about how these principles are best carried forward in a style that faithfully develops and applies their core ideals.

To use one of Dworkin's striking metaphors, it is as if we were to organize the writing of a "chain novel." Suppose that 20 professional writers are chosen and their writing sequence fixed by lot. The first writes the opening chapter of a novel. The second must write the next chapter and so on to the end of the 20-chapter book. Each one has discretion, but in a weak sense of the term; it is a controlled and disciplined discretion, for each one is bound to do his best to carry the literary baton forward faithfully, to maintain coherence and credibility and artistic wholeness in the book. Obviously this does not mean that any two writers would emerge with the same chapter six. But it does mean that no chapter six is acceptable unless it fits literary standards of what constitutes the unity of a single novel.

How does this approach help a court to decide hard cases? As with chapter six of the chain novel, it does not mean that every good judge will decide a hard case in the same way. But it does mean that no resolution of a hard case is acceptable unless it can be seen as a reasoned attempt to defend and carry forward the deepest layer of principle that is relevant to the controversy. The most difficult cases are those where there is a clash of rights, or different understandings of the same right, and where either of two contrary dispositions would be compatible with the plain language of the rule book. An example would be an affirmative action dispute where a plan for special admission of members of minority groups to a state university medical school, say, is challenged in the courts by members of the majority who claim to be disadvantaged and discriminated against by its operation. The two sides here advance different understandings of the right to the equal protection of the law and even different understandings of what it means to be treated as equals. The defendants assert that fidelity to these rights is not breached by special treatment to compensate for and alleviate the harmful consequences of past discrimination, while the plaintiffs argue that preferential admissions would inflict on them the very wrong that was earlier done to the minority group.

IN discussing this problem Dworkin begins by noting the laudable goals of a special admissions program—to increase the number of minority professionals and by so doing to alleviate distress and resentment in minority communities, and eventually to change the attitude of majority members to minorities when a substantial number of them are seen to occupy positions of authority and influence. But, following his main thesis, he unhesitatingly asserts that these meritorious aims could not prevail if the special admissions program violated the rights of majority members. How should the good judge work with principle to resolve this clash?

Dworkin's own judgment is that such programs do not violate anyone's rights. The moral and constitutional right to be treated as equals means, in his view, that nobody should be treated differently because he is regarded as inferior on account of his membership in a race or group. But it is clear that whites who suffer disadvantage from preferential programs for minorities are not so treated because they are thought of as being inferior. There is an element of imposed sacrifice, to be sure, but this is inevitable in any society, since policy choices will always deprive some people of an asset they would like to possess. Though government must treat everyone as equals, it cannot always treat everyone equally. There is no discrimination when unequal treatment flows from a rational policy that does not involve a view of the inferiority of the individual as a person.

DWORKIN'S resolution here may seem reasonably palatable in the context of the elite privilege of entry to medical school where the alternative may be to enter dental school—perhaps not as coveted a career opening, but still hardly an economic disaster. His position would be more troubling if it led to the same outcome when affirmative action principles are applied in a way that decisively denies employment in a shrinking job market either through preferential hiring or preferential policies on job termination. Here we would have to consider whether it is not possible to advance a right to work or a right to equality in job retention, the content of which might trump the policy of enriching the status of minority members. At what point does the imposition of a sacrifice for otherwise meritorious policy reasons become a violation of the rights of the one suffering the deprivation? Government officials and philosophers are never the ones to be denied a job and, as the French proverb says, it is always easy to bear the misfortunes of others.

In this book Dworkin has moved beyond the boundaries of legal philosophy into a larger world of social and political theory. Even so, his concerns still display the special stamp of one who comes from the law. Overwhelmed by the blinding presence of the Constitution, American law-based thinking is naturally preoccupied with personal rights and individual autonomy. In the 1960s these concerns were dramatically relevant to burning issues of discrimination and the denial of civil rights. Today these matters seem overshadowed for many by economic questions to do with income, housing, health care, unemployment and underemployment.

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But legal philosophers, with one foot stuck in the cement of the law, lack the reach for developing a theory that might engage these problems.

The reason is the difficulty of squeezing out of the constitutional imperatives anything relevant to the economic conditions of life. Legal theory is inevitably provincial in its outlook, cramped by its inexorable incapacity to generate out of the law any large theory or program for social reform. Legal materials themselves can provide a philosophical or ideological basis for criticism and reform in only a modest sense. Dworkin's rights theory has heroically carried the principles inherent in the legal system to their highest point of development as an instrument for criticizing legal decisions and some popular social judgments. Still, confined as the approach must be to principles uncovered by legal and constitutional analysis, its practical applications lie chiefly in areas where claims concerning non-economic equal treatment or personal autonomy are made. Rights theorists today spend a great deal of time discussing such topics as discrimination, the right of access to pornography or to pursue certain sexual preferences, or the right to use currently controlled substances. Important as these questions are, they leave legal theory with a very small voice on the big stage.

But if there are inherent limits to the reach of legal philosophy, it can do a powerful job in defending personal rights and clarifying their nature. Dworkin's work in renovating this tradition and planting it firmly in American law and history is of great importance. It is an approach that we may need in years to come. As economic conditions deteriorate, parts of the Western world drift further from the rule of law. In Britain, for example, the ceaseless conflict in Northern Ireland, the impact of a right-wing government, and the strains imposed by the recent miners' strike have combined to produce serious erosions of civil rights; these include a cool disregard for the law on the part of the authorities and episodes of brutal and baseless, but highly organized, action against citizens by the police. If such dangers should confront us we may have no more than the frail barriers of the Constitution and the courts for our protection. At times of such stress the moral force of Dworkin's brilliantly presented version of American liberalism and rights theory will be welcome.

GRAHAM HUGHES

Graham Hughes is professor of law at New York University and the author of *The Conscience of the Courts* (Anchor Press: Doubleday).

OPINIONS OF AN OPPORTUNIST

A Vietcong Memoir: An Inside Account of the Vietnam War and Its Aftermath by Truong Nhu Tang with David Chanoff and Doan Van Toai

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 350 pp., $17.95)

We have here a singular work—a Vietcong turncoat's account of wartime life in the enemy camp, which includes a description of how a victorious Hanoi deliberately emasculated its Vietcong ally. No such book has ever been published before. When word of its impending publication spread among Hanoi watchers in the United States, the expectation was that it would be a major contribution to our knowledge of the National Liberation Front. It is not. I don't think there is a single historical fact in this entire work that is revealed for the first time.

Exactly how important Truong Nhu Tang was on the other side—how much power, influence, and information he had—is not at all clear. His name did not appear in the American intelligence community's computer banks until rather late in the war. His explana-

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tion for this is that NLF figures were carefully shielded to protect their identities. Another explanation, of course, is that he was not around. Our knowledge of virtually all of the NLF leaders, presumably Tang's associates, was voluminous at a time when he was unknown.

Reading Tang's book is very much like talking to a Vietcong defector. In the course of my long association with Vietnam—I went there in 1960, as a U.S. career foreign service officer specializing in Vietnamese Communism, and left in 1975—I have interviewed hundreds of defectors and have developed a sixth sense for what is left unsaid (or in this case, left unwritten). For my years in Vietnam were not only, as might be imagined, a bewildering mixture of high expectations and dashed hopes, moments of exhilaration and sheer terror, of psychological trauma and intellectual dismay, leaving now a blurred memory of a vanished world and enormous regret for what might have been. Those years were also highly instructive in that they lifted most of the scales of illusion from my eyes, and made me as socially suspicious and cynical as is the average Vietnamese. I would conclude that Tang came to the revolution much later than he claims, and was never the important figure he makes himself out to be. Even if, as he says, he is the highest-ranking Vietcong defector, it still does not mean much.

On its surface *A Vietcong Memoir* is the simple tale of a Vietnamese pilgrim's progress from youth to old age, from credulity to despair, in a world where power flows from the barrel of a gun and nice guys don't finish. But beneath is a darker story of ends justifying means, of causes sabotaged and friends double- and triple-crossed. And below this, still deeper, is an ambiguous, questionable account, one filled with dissembling and self-deception but, interestingly, often illuminated by unintentional flashes of white-light truth. How then to deal with this layered account?

THE historical issues raised are manifold. Here are the more significant ones, in more or less descending order of importance.

The Diem Era. The essential question is whether Ngo Dinh Diem was a leader capable of mobilizing the South Vietnamese and defeating the Hanoi threat. Although there are some holdouts among historians, the consensus now is that, given the circumstances, Diem did not have what it took. Perhaps no one did; but in any event he did not.

The question that people like Tang must face in retrospect is whether he should have chosen Diem over the National Liberation Front—a question he never addresses. For Vietnam to go Communist was an irreversible move; with Diem or his successor, however, there always was hope for democracy. To be sure, Diem might have failed anyway, but certainly his failure was made inevitable by the combination of non-Communist and Communist-controlled NLF opposition. Tang was initially in the first camp, then in the latter.

In some ways Tang is a classic representative of an important, and destructive, political faction on the Saigon scene in the early days—the Francophiles. Some had held influential positions during French colonial rule. Most had been educated in France and their children were following the pattern. Most were Catholics. Many held dual citizenship. They had shadowy connections with Paris and with the French Embassy in Saigon. They opposed everything the Americans tried to do. These Francophiles had influence everywhere, but little political strength; mainly they were political spoilers. Most got out in 1975 and now live in Paris.

Role of the NLF. Throughout the Vietnam War a great debate raged over the relationship between the NLF and the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (DRV) in Hanoi. The argument tended to be polarized. On the one hand there

FALLINGS FROM US, VANISHINGS

Sometimes you came home from the beach with a wasp-sting, or
a speck of sand that even the eye-cup wouldn't wash out.
The day was troublingly larger for being spent
empty, among bodies—as if some great purpose
had been found or missed, looking out to the stationary
water-intake boat, the *crib* (did anyone live there?).
And when you got home, and the sun stayed insidiously
involved in your skin, all indoors seemed delicious
and temporary, like a glass of water.

Or in the early autumn dark, when you came out of
a movie theater, and something cruel, from another world—
the plague; a slave crushed dragging a stone for the Pyramids—
stayed with you, you were afraid to go out to the end
of the long hall, where the small one crooked off to the bathroom,
sensing it, and you, would shelve off into another
space you could feel, though you couldn't know or explain . . .

And it was almost a relief to carry the telescope down
and set its metal legs with a small crisp tinkle
on the playground asphalt (the city stood around silent
like its cardboard skyline in the planetarium).
And then the slight shock of floating out through your eye
to those bodies of gas and nothing, the Coal-Sack Nebula,
across the clean, unlivable, untraversable years.
It made you imagine the world was God's body, split
from some first atom, that was neither world nor God.
You wrote about that for school—"accounts of Creation"—
then refused to read it aloud, because no one else's
was like it, the boys' all science, the girls' all Biblical.
But while you thought about it outdoors, the dangerous night
held its distance; or if not, you could hear it far off, coming
with the same slight ping over the wintry ground.

ALAN WILLIAMSON

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were the "agrarian reform" proponents, mostly French with a scattering of American intellectuals, who saw the NLF as an indigenous revolutionary force that stood for peace, justice, and democracy; they believed it had nominal outside ties but no real outside loyalties. At the other extreme, mostly in the intelligence community, there were those who saw the NLF as surrogates of Hanoi, little more than puppets on a string. The truth lay in between and was always in flux, for the NLF moved from greater to lesser autonomy during the course of the war.

Tang's treatment of the relationship is either disingenuous or a case of extraordinary credulity. It was obvious to all in Vietnam during those early years that the NLF and Hanoi had separate objectives. They might or might not have been compatible, but clearly they were different. Most NLF followers recognized this, as was amply documented by defectors interviewed as early as 1961. These defectors not only described the differing aims of the NLF and the DRV, but in some instances gave these differences as the reason for their defection. For the DRV, the objective was unification under Hanoi's banner. Nor was that goal any secret—Ho Chi Minh seldom made a speech without mentioning the holy crusade to unite the fatherland. The NLF's goal, on the other hand, was political power, preferably a monopoly on political power. ("We Are the Sole Legitimate Representative of the South Vietnamese People" was the slogan on the NLF letterhead.) Unification and political power could be parallel objectives; still, at some point they would collide. It was always clear that the DRV intended to permit no separate seat of power in the south if it could help it. Surely Tang knew this from the start. Yet he seems genuinely surprised that, after the Communist victory, Hanoi cadres dismantled the NLF, jammed the two systems, north and south, into one, and purged those, such as Tang, suspected of separatist tendencies.

Tang's treatment of the nature of the Provisional Revolutionary Government, set up in the south in 1969, might be called inventive. In fact the PRG was not a "government" as that term is normally used. At best it was a group of "cabinet officials" hiding out in the jungle, fleeing at the first sign of an advancing ARVN (South Vietnamese army) military sweep. Left unexplained, Tang's title, minister of justice, conjures up a picture of a full-blown judicial system of courts, judges, police, and jails. In fact his "Ministry" appears to have consisted of two people, himself and a deputy. There was a "liberated area" of scattered real estate whose boundaries shrank or expanded according to the fortunes of war. Within these NLF-controlled areas there was local administration. But it was village or district level control at best, not national. The PRG had no place to stand. Nowhere in Vietnam was inviolate; an ARVN battalion could enter anywhere. Only after the war, for a brief moment, did the PRG enjoy an authentic existence. Then it was emasculated by Hanoi's unification steamroller.

More puzzling in Tang's account is that he fails to demonstrate a clear understanding of the NLF/PRG as a front organization. Apparently he was influential in one of the several units or factions that constituted the front, but he does not seem to grasp, even now, the Leninist concept of the united front as a technical term meaning an organization bound together for a single mobilizational purpose.

Communist Strategy. Tang does have, as did all Vietcong cadres and most rank and file, a good grasp of the Communists' strategic concept during the Vietnam War. Would that the same could be said for the American leaders

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at the time. He deals with the major elements of the strategy—the concept of *dau tranh* (struggle); the technique of "fight, fight, talk, talk"; and protracted conflict—in scattered references throughout the book, though the reader must dig to educate himself on the subject. This is regrettable, since this book was a good opportunity to set forth for Americans a clear explanation of the nature of the strategy—one for which there is still no proven counter-strategy.

The Paris Agreements. Tang's perception of the events leading up to the Paris Agreements is his own; it is representative of neither official American nor official North Vietnamese views. He sees the Easter Offensive of 1972 as a Communist victory. It was not, nor is it claimed as one by Hanoi historians (who ignore it). According to Tang, it determined the conditions of the Paris Agreements. He describes the events of 1972 as entirely favorable to Hanoi. In fact, it was a time of great factional infighting in Hanoi (as it was of wrangling between the Americans and the South Vietnamese). We now know that the bitter dispute in the Hanoi politburo over the wisdom of signing at Paris forced the leadership to accept a compromise that satisfied no one. (This was the case on the other side as well.) It is fairly clear now that in Hanoi, in Washington, and in Saigon the Paris Agreements were regarded as unfortunate but necessary. They were judged at once an ominous drawback and a prospective opportunity, and the future was always considered very uncertain. In Tang's clearly inadequately informed view, the Agreements offered the PRG an opportunity to become something more than a paper organization, and he assumes Hanoi would have gone along with the idea of an autonomous southern apparat.

The Thao Case. I began Tang's sixth chapter, "Albert Pham Ngoc Thao: Master Spy," with the anticipation of a miner digging into what looks like a vein of gold. I had known Thao, although not well, and had closely followed the twists and turns of his career. He had been an intriguing figure—an intimate of the Diem family (even though Diem distrusted him), and a confidant of succeeding governments, who judged him to be a good administrator and a remarkable counterinsurgent. He was widely respected by American officials, ambassadors, and generals alike, and idealized by Joseph Alsop and John Paul Vann and others. Some Vietnamese in Saigon's counterintelligence business thought he was a Communist first and last. Most Americans in and out of the CIA did not—but no one knew for sure. Everyone heard the rumors and everyone wondered.

In the very early years before the stories about him began to circulate, he and I sat together on a committee planning Operation Sunrise, the first of the strategic hamlet programs. I remember him at the time as intelligent and personable, certainly above suspicion. Years later I would try to recall details of his behavior at the table, much as one would if he learned that his scoutmaster had turned out to be the KGB's chief resident in the U.S.

Tang says he knew Thao intimately since boyhood; there is no reason to doubt him. Moreover, Tang's account of events in Thao's life, such as his involvement in the 1963 coup d'état that toppled Ngo Dinh Diem, is essentially accurate. Still, there is nothing new in his account, nothing that has not already appeared in print. Indeed, Tang's description of Thao is not as detailed as the portrait in, say, Robert Shaplen's *Lost Revolution*. This is puzzling. Tang knew this "master spy" intimately, yet he can tell us nothing about him that we do not already know. There is the breathless moment when the two spies meet. Each suspects the other of being a covert Vietcong agent, but neither is sure. There is a guarded exchange. Each voices his suspicions of the other. Neither admits anything. The exchange ends. That's it—as much as Tang can offer us in the way of evidence that Colonel Thao actually was a Hanoi agent.

Many now accept that Thao worked for Hanoi from the start. They have little to base this on, other than the fact that he is buried in a hero's cemetery outside of Saigon. But just because the Vietnamese Communists say Thao was one of theirs, or because they buried him with honors, proves nothing. Truth is defined as whatever fits Hanoi's needs. After years of thought about the matter and many conversations with Vietnamese in Saigon and refugees in the United States, I have concluded that Thao probably was a true *attentiste* who worked both sides in the war, convincing leaders of his loyalty. Then one side caught him and shot him, so posthumously he belongs to the other side. The point here is that Tang does not advance our knowledge about the Colonel Thao case by one whit.

The B-52 Canard. Tang tells us that NLF headquarters received radio messages from Soviet fishing trawlers stationed off the end of the runway at Guam informing it of the target destinations of the B-52 bombers, thus providing advance warning about American air raids. This is a hoary tale out of the war. There may have been a basis for the allegation of advance warning (probably loose communication discipline among pilots, possibly an insider leak). But it is patently absurd to maintain, as Tang does, that Soviet personnel off Guam, measuring the speed and direction of B-52s at takeoff, could inform the NLF when and where the bombs would fall. Tang's account here appears to be a rewrite of contemporary newspaper stories. If the NLF did have advance warning there is some other explanation for it, and Tang either does not know what it is or he is not telling us.

Moreover, there are other issues of history that Tang fails to treat fully or convincingly. He is equivocal on the American antiwar movement. He speaks of Hanoi official Xuan Thuy "entertaining George McGovern with chimerical peace proposals in Paris," but most of his references to antiwar activity in the United States are simply descriptive. We know that there were some connections between the NLF and antiwar elements in the U.S. and Europe, but Tang tells us nothing of this, no detail, no anecdotes.

He writes off the Hue massacre in a totally apologist manner. It was "not one of the revolution's prouder moments . . . unsettling to say the least." Moreover, there was nothing spontaneous about the Hue massacre, as Tang asserts. It was premeditated and a major event in the war.

Tang is simply wrong on events leading up to the so-called Christmas bombing of Hanoi in 1972. At the time there was some genuine confusion over the course of developments during those weeks, but these have long since been sorted out.

His identification of individual Vietcong officials is suspiciously uneven; he's reticent about some, forthright about others. Who is this mysterious Ba Tra (obviously an alias), whose confessions to the Saigon police wreaked such havoc on the apparat and who was hunted down and killed by a Vietcong execution squad during the 1968 offen-

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sive? Surely his true identity can now be revealed. Tang uses code names for certain key figures for no apparent reason.

STILL, if Tang could not substantially add to our store of knowledge about what went on during the war in the enemy camp, he could still contribute to our understanding of the mentality of the Vietnamese revolutionary leadership. One might expect some insights into the personality and psychology of one individual Vietnamese revolutionary. But this book is not an Indochinese *God Who Failed*. Tang is not an introspective person.

Nor does he emerge as a particularly sympathetic figure. The average American reader is apt to conclude that what we have here is a rich kid raised in elite circumstances who displayed neither noblesse oblige nor revolutionary commitment, and whose life appears to be shaped chiefly by opportunism and poor political judgment. The fact that his French education inculcated the standard disdain for things American does not make his message more appealing. The best parts of Tang's book, those that ring most true, are the early chapters dealing with his family and youth. His account tends to be idealized—the meeting with Ho Chi Minh reads like a B-movie script—but embroidery of this sort is common in Vietnamese autobiography.

Whatever else he is, Tang displays the traits of a quintessential 20th-century Vietnamese. He inclines to unending narcissistic self-examination, and shows a general inability to trust others. He shares the ingrained code of behavior that believes in a politics of clandestinism and a kind of secret society among a select few, preferably blood relatives. None of this is meant pejoratively; the Vietnamese are the products of their own heritage.

How much of an ideologue, then, is Truong Nhu Tang? He became a revolutionary, he says, during afternoon tea with Ho Chi Minh. Considering the hold that Confucianism and family ties have on a Vietnamese youth, this was quite a leap into radicalism. Tang should have written about his conversion, in other words, in more than a couple of sentences. He says he was always moved by nationalistic impulses rather than by Marxist-Leninist doctrine—in which case one can reasonably question what he was doing on the other side to begin with, particularly after the Vietminh war, when the nature and intent of the new Hanoi regime became abundantly clear (also to the million North Vietnamese who abandoned it), and when there were in Vietnam other and more appealing nationalist movements.

Despite his professions of hatred for French colonialism, Tang's record shows that he fully enjoyed the benefits it offered, and that he never opposed or even stood up to it. In fact, near the end of the Vietminh war he joined the French navy, either in search of a safe berth since he served in France, or because shortsightedly he did not recognize that France had lost in Indochina. Later he opposed Ngo Dinh Diem. But then who didn't, at least in Diem's waning days? When he did join the revolution, it was because the revolution at the time seemed a certain winner. There is no evidence at all that Tang ever voluntarily sacrificed for the cause, for any cause, or even inconvenienced himself in the name of his beliefs. Such suffering as was visited on him—his imprisonment, for instance—was due to poor judgment or bad luck. One concludes Tang was not a revolutionary so much as a conspirator. The wonder is that he was tolerated as long as he was by the other side.

The duplicity portrayed in James Bond-style entertainments conveys a charm that is never quite matched by the sordid, real world of revolutionary and counterrevolutionary plotting. Modern warfare has given honor a bad name. In real life the difficulty is to know how to interpret the virtue of loyalty (what the Vietnamese call *tin*, true to the faith or dependable) in one who changes sides, whether a Tang or a Solzhenitsyn. One man's freedom fighter is another man's betrayer. One sees the truth and acts, but in doing so also sells out those who loved and trusted him. There is no easy standard to apply.

MANY Vietnamese, faced with a choice between the two contending sides in the Vietnam War, chose what the French call *attentisme*. The Vietnamese equivalent is *di hang hai*, to go down two roads simultaneously, sometimes freely translated as to run with hare and hound. This is not simply taking a neutral position or opting out. It is, rather, to play a double game—to sit on the fence, but to be prepared to jump to one side or the other.

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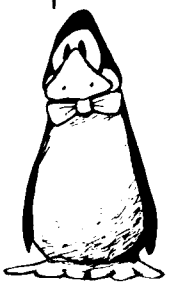

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The political scene in Saigon was filled with these fringe figures, opportunists determined to be on the winning side. They believed nothing and committed themselves to nothing. Ordinary Vietnamese kids were dying in the bush while they enjoyed the pleasures offered, playing the fashionable political game, confident that they could end up on the winning side regardless. Many were so sure that they stayed on after the fall. Most wound up in reeducation camps.

Tang is not a defector, in the sense of one who deliberately breaks with his cause and joins the enemy camp. Like many a fallen-away liberal in the United States, he considers the cause to have betrayed him, not he the cause.

Now Tang lives in Paris and plots revenge. There are reports that in recent months he has been in China, attempting to drum up backing for what he says are his resistance elements in Vietnam. A few years ago we sat next to each other at a witness table in a congressional hearing. He spoke at length about his betrayal by Hanoi and concluded with an urgent plea that the U.S. reinvade Vietnam and take back his homeland for him. The irony of his appeal, the sheer black humor of his request, apparently was lost on him.

DOUGLAS PIKE

Douglas Pike, a former career foreign service officer and the author of several books on Vietnamese Communism, is now director of the Indochina Studies Program at the University of California, Berkeley.

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THE WORLD OF OZ

A Perfect Peace
by Amos Oz
translated by Hillel Halkin

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 384 pp., $16.95)

Amos Oz's latest, and most satisfying, novel, originally published in Hebrew in 1982, offers a suggestive instance of how a writer can reorder and transfigure his own constant preoccupations. Oz began work on the book in 1970, set the project aside for six years, then took it up again and completed it between 1976 and 1981. The historical framework is still the one to which he addressed himself in 1970—the tense period of a year and a half leading up to the Six-Day War of June 1967. But his handling of the materials and his sense of what is embodied in the Israeli predicament are very different from what they would have been at the beginning of the 1970s.

Nearly all of Oz's fiction through his 1976 volume of novellas, *The Hill of Evil Counsel*, is informed by the same symbolic world-picture: a hemmed-in cluster of fragile human habitations (the kibbutz, the state of Israel itself) surrounded by dark, menacing mountains where jackals howl and hostile aliens lurk. In the earlier Oz, this symbolic opposition is the vehicle for a series of troubled narrative meditations on the rationalist-idealist enterprise of socialist Zionism and, beyond that, on civilization and its discontents, for the jackals out there often find an answering voice in the jackal beneath the skin of those who dwell within the perimeter of civilization. In the new novel, there are a few passages where one can detect vestiges of this imaginative flirtation with the dark powers, but even in these instances the old obsessions have been transformed.

Let me begin with the title, which in the earlier Oz would have been mordantly ironic but which in the novel as it unfolds moves beyond irony. The phrase *menuhah nekhonah* is taken from the traditional prayer for the dead ("Grant perfect peace under the wings of the Shekhinah . . ."). For a good while, this in fact looks like a novel about the enactment of a death wish as the one clear way out of the constrictive pressures of the kibbutz and of life in Israel. The 26-year-old protagonist, Yonatan Lifshitz, is the son, though questions are raised about the paternity, of the kibbutz secretary, an old-time Zionist of the generation of Ben-Gurion and Eshkol who has served in parliament and is a leading figure in the Israeli Labor movement. Yonatan would seem to have the prototypical profile of the native male kibbutznik: unpolished, nononsense, taciturn, self-reliant, a tough worker, a decorated war hero. He is also suffering from a condition of psychological asphyxiation as the result of the demands and expectations laid on him by the collective; and Rimona, his sweet, spacey, solicitous, sexually unresponsive wife, is not much help to him. She,

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especially given to strangeness after a recent pregnancy ended in stillbirth, leafs through illustrated volumes of Africa and dreams hazily of "the magic of Chad," while her husband's fantasies carry him to Bangkok, Singapore, any place elsewhere, and then to a more accessible exotic goal, the rose-red ruins of the fabled Nabataean city of Petra, in the southern desert on the other side of the Jordanian border.

AT THE moment of his actual predawn flight toward Petra, Yonatan angrily apostrophizes his father's founding generation of Zionists: "Your souls are seared into me like a branding iron, but I am not one of you. You gave me everything and took back twice as much, like loan sharks." And so he heads southward, to a place where he can be utterly by himself, utterly himself, where he can find "a perfect peace" through death in the timeless desert that is the antithesis of reborn Israel, among the ruins of an alien civilization.

This fantasy of escape is one that has figured in a good deal of Israeli fiction and poetry over the past 15 years. (American readers may recognize it, for example, from A.B. Yehoshua's novel of 1977, *The Lover*.) It generally remains on the level of a fantasy, a temptation, a mesmerizing but impossible project. In *A Perfect Peace* the fantasy brings the protagonist to the brink of suicide, hysterically firing the last rounds of his automatic rifle into the parched earth of the Jordanian desert in a weird, haunting moment of dementia unpent. Then, by slow stages, he returns, to be reintegrated into Israel, the kibbutz, and an odd reconfiguration of the family as ménage à trois.

I am not in a position to say whether this last detail is credible sociologically in a contemporary kibbutz, but it does have a certain thematic rightness. Yonatan the disaffected sabra comes to share his wife with the newcomer Azariah, a child of the Holocaust, garrulous, insecure, naively idealistic, a man full of philosophical quotations and grandiose schemes, as though a combination of hard-bitten native Israeli and quixotic Diaspora intellectual were necessary for the renewal, the qualified version of perfect peace, figured in the family and in the double-fathered child born to it at the end.

This rapid sketch of the plot is bound to be somewhat misleading, for Oz's novel is a hybrid of social realism and metaphysical brooding, and it gains its peculiar power of assertion by setting social institutions and political issues in a larger metaphysical context. There is a vivid, persuasive sense of place here—the white buildings with their red roofs in the sunshine, the laundry hanging on the line, the dress and gestures and verbal tics of the particular Israeli types—but local place is quietly evoked against a cosmic backdrop. In precisely this regard, the mentally skewed state of several of the principal characters is of particular utility to Oz, who for the most part limits narratorial perspective to the consciousness of the characters. As a writer he has always been fascinated by emotional disturbance, as though the true ontological substratum of chaos were discernible chiefly by the deranged. In *A Perfect Peace* he works toward a more nuanced perception of the nature of existence, and so shifts attention from madness to strangeness, moving from the slightly daft wife and the existentially baffled husband to the misfit newcomer, and giving the last word (in the form of a diary entry) to the odd-ball old bachelor who becomes the new kibbutz secretary. Here is Rimona in the midst of an interior monologue that is a kind of lullaby to her dead child:

> Whoever is tired will rest. And whoever has rested will listen. And whoever has listened will know that it's a rainy night out. And that beneath the rain the wet earth lies quietly. And that beneath the wet earth the strong rocks are sleeping, the rocks on which light never shines. And that up above the clouds, up above the air, all is quiet too, the quiet between the stars. And that beyond the last star is the last quiet of all. What do they want from us? Not to disturb, not to make noise because nothing untoward will happen if we keep still.

This is very different from the anthropomorphic menacing mountains, always ready to pounce, of the earlier Amos Oz. The noise of political debate, the buzz of kibbutz gossip, the quarrels between father and son, husband and wife, the threatening movements of Syrian troops on the northern border are all finally heard in the novel against that ultimate, unchanging quiet between the stars. There is, let me hasten to say, no suggestion of a political quietism that would turn its back on urgent national issues in order to contemplate eternal things. Still, the Zionist enterprise with all its painful dilemmas is seen as a brave and necessary human project against a vast background of cosmic indifference and historical transience. That explains the special force of Yonatan's vision of Petra just before the final resolution. Reading a guidebook, he imagines Petra in its ancient glory, its hymns and rites and pagan revels, its "orchards, vineyards, and gardens, winepresses and threshing grounds. . . . Until all was struck down. The ancient gods perished utterly. Man turned to dry bone."

This, the novel implies, is the inevitable fate of all that man erects. But the book does not end with the vision of the valley of dry bones, or with Yonatan's suicidal bursts of gunfire into the desert ground. Everything human may be tentative and transient; the only peace we can know may be a very imperfect one. And yet, as the final movement of return and renewal suggests, the imperfection of human things, in the family, the group, the nation, is all we have, and a kind of fulfillment can be found in them, in our wholehearted determination to make something of them.

The very last note of the novel is Srulik's, the new kibbutz secretary, who, as a German Jew, a musician, an introspective loner, is different from the run-of-the-mill kibbutznik and has, perhaps not surprisingly, a certain affinity with Rimona. He, too, is preoccupied with inhuman silences: "The earth is indifferent. The sky is mysterious. The sea is a lasting menace. And the plants and the migrating birds. The stone is as silent as death which has dominion over all." He then notes the capacity for cruelty of which no one is innocent, which in the course of the novel has been sharply manifested in the domestic sphere and darkly intimated in the political sphere as well. (There is a complicity, we come to feel, between human nature and the impersonal forces of destruction beyond humanity, though this notion is developed with subtlety not shared by Oz's earlier theme of the jackal within.) Love, Srulik admits, is permanently beyond his grasp, while pain is an undeniable reality. "But a thing or two we can do," he concludes before setting aside his diary and picking up his flute, "and since we can, we must. As for the rest, who knows? Let's wait and see."

ROBERT ALTER

Robert Alter's *The Art of Biblical Poetry* will be published by Basic Books this fall.

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THE PIEDMONTESE MACHIAVELLI

Cavour
by Denis Mack Smith

(Knopf, 294 pp., $18.95)

The myths of the Italian Risorgimento, accepted by American and British liberal historians as well as by nearly all Italians, have been slow to die. Gradually, however, and largely because of the work of Denis Mack Smith, we have come to see that Italian unification was not quite the triumph of patriotic zeal and idealism that historians of the older generation such as G. M. Trevelyan and W. R. Thayer believed it to be. And the three great heroes of the Risorgimento, Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Cavour, each of whom used to be regarded as making his own contribution to a common cause, can each now be seen as having quite different political goals and beliefs. Moreover, there was a fourth and less attractive figure, King Victor Emanuel, "a headstrong and not very intelligent sovereign," as Mack Smith calls him. His rudeness to Cavour on some occasions was such that Cavour once said that if anyone else had insulted him so crudely he would have challenged him to a duel. Nevertheless, the king's views and position constantly had to be taken into account by his ministers.

Denis Mack Smith has been studying the interaction of these characters and their policies for over 30 years, ever since his first book, *Cavour and Garibaldi 1860: A Study in Political Conflict* (recently reissued in paperback), started a fresh examination of the myths of the Risorgimento and its leaders. Thus his new biography of Cavour is the result of many years of scholarship and controversy. If some of it seems familiar, it is because the author's earlier work has made it so. In contrast to Mack Smith's main rival and critic, Rosario Romeo—whose three-volume biography of Cavour in Italian includes every detail not only about all aspects of Cavour's own life but also about, for example, the economic development of Piedmont in the early 19th century—Mack Smith's book is short, elegant, and succinct; indeed there are occasions when some amplification would have made the book more vivid. Yet it conveys brilliantly the essence of Cavour's complex character and achievements.

Of the men who made a united Italy, Cavour is undoubtedly the hardest to assess, not just because he lacked the heroic glamour of Garibaldi or the revolutionary integrity of Mazzini, but because of the contradictions of his personality and the deviousness of his methods. Napoleon III once called him "the Piedmontese Machiavelli," while Lord Clarendon, the British foreign secretary, referred to him as "perfectly unscrupulous as to the means by which he brought [his Italian schemes] about."

The most obvious comparison is with that other great nation-builder of the 19th century, Bismarck. Indeed, as early as 1869, eight years after Cavour's death at the early age of 51, the Prussian historian Treitschke published an essay on Cavour in which the parallel between Piedmont's role in the unification of Italy and that of Prussia in Germany is made explicit, even if Treitschke "left it to the future to judge between the founder of the Italian and of the German state." And, when one looks at the history of the two countries over the past century, it still remains an open question. The similarities between the career of Cavour and that of Bismarck were not just political. Each was a landowner who never gave up an interest in his estates. Each suffered from periods of depression. Each in his youth had been dissatisfied and frustrated before finding the right political outlet for his energy and ambition. Bismarck and Cavour both had difficulty with their royal masters. After one row with the king of Prussia, Bismarck slammed the door so hard that the handle came off in his hand, and after a quarrel with Victor Emanuel, Cavour "had angrily started kicking the royal furniture and broken a clock."

Although their political beliefs were different—Bismarck's authoritarian conservatism was quite unlike Cavour's belief in constitutional government and a limited monarchy—the unscrupulousness of their political methods was remarkably similar. Each was a master of realpolitik, of a political creed in which *raison d'état* and the interests of the nation justified all behavior, however dubious. As Cavour once said, "Our aims are holy and this will perhaps justify any irregularity in the means we have employed." And, as Mack Smith shows, the means he employed were certainly irregular. In fact they remind us sometimes of those of certain 20th-century intelligence agencies. Documents to discredit Garibaldi were forged and circulated; cargoes of arms were sent to Rumania in the autumn of 1860 to destabilize the situation in southeast Europe and weaken the position of Austria—"piratical and filibustering proceedings," as Queen Victoria complained. When Cavour was found out, he put the blame on the innocent Garibaldi. Above all, Cavour was completely ruthless in his willingness to risk, or even provoke, a European war to achieve his ends. And, although it can be argued that to provoke a war in the mid-19th century was not as disastrous as provoking one today would be, we must nevertheless remember that the sight of the slaughter at the battle of Solferine in 1859 (the decisive battle in what was Cavour's war par excellence) reduced Napoleon III to tears and, more practically, led the Swiss philanthropist Jean-Henri Dunant to found the International Red Cross.

YET CAVOUR'S liberalism was genuine enough. He was a passionate believer in free trade. He was an admirer of Bentham and Tocqueville and John Stuart Mill. He visited England several times, and never lost his serious interest in British institutions or his respect for British statesmen. Indeed, in his desire to establish Piedmont as a serious factor in international politics, he was ready to associate himself with some of the less creditable operations of British imperialism. For example, he offered troops to help in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny in 1857. (The offer was not accepted.) He was a serious student of economics who "remained convinced that economics were gradually approaching the point of becoming an exact science whose principles could be demonstrated by logic and practical results." His conduct of financial policy was both bold and ingenious. On the other hand, there was a different streak in his character. He was an inveterate gambler, both in the stock market and at the tables, who in his youth had faced financial ruin. (One would have been grateful if Mack Smith had given more details of his personal financial opera-

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tions and his speculation in railway building, so different from his frugal scientific management of his estates.)

In his personal life there are similar contrasts between an easygoing affable charm, accompanied by a fondness for good food and wine (he had the endearing belief that strong wine was a cure for his obesity), and his capacity for hard work. He started his day at 5 a.m. and during most of his time as prime minister personally took responsibility for all the major decisions. He was liable to violent outbursts of rage. When, in 1859, it looked for a moment as though he was not going to be able to have the war with Austria for which he had been working, he locked himself in his room and talked of suicide. "Far from being a reed painted to look like iron," one of his cousins wrote, "he was an iron rod painted to look like a reed."

Of his deeper personal feelings we know little. He never married. Although he seems to have been kind to his mistresses, they were deliberately kept in the background both privately and publicly. He had been devoted to his nephew Auguste, who was killed in the disastrous war against Austria in 1848, and Cavour seems to have been more deeply upset by his death than by any other event in his private life: he kept his nephew's bloodstained uniform in a glass case by his bed. Cold and jovial, affable and violent, bluff and devious, Cavour the man was as full of contradictions as Cavour the politician.

ONE OF THE puzzles about his role as a statesman is just how he came to adopt the cause of Italian unification. His mother tongue was French, together with Piedmontese dialect. He had to make an effort to learn Italian, and needed to use a dictionary for many years. When he came to Florence after the annexation of Tuscany in 1860, it was the first time he had been so far south, and to the end of his life he never visited Sardinia (although it was part of the kingdom of Piedmont), let alone Naples or Palermo. His approach to the question of unification was pragmatic rather than idealistic—railways, he thought characteristically, would provide an essential element. It was desirable to liberate Lombardy from Austrian rule, and what would happen next remained to be seen. Above all, and here again Cavour resembles Bismarck, he was determined that any movement for Italian unification should remain in his hands, and not be led by those whom he regarded as dangerous and revolutionary radicals like Mazzini and Garibaldi. If events moved too fast for him, as they did when Garibaldi started the invasion of Sicily in 1860, his main concern was to bring them back under his control.

ABOVE ALL, and this is where his greatness as well as his ruthlessness was most apparent, he had to manipulate the international politics of Europe so as to win support in the expulsion of the Austrians from Lombardy and to avoid foreign intervention as the new Italy emerged. In 1848-49, when he was not yet a member of the government, he had been overoptimistic about Piedmont's chances of defeating Austria single-handedly; and, having become prime minister of Piedmont in 1852, he built up Piedmont's international position and demonstrated it by joining in the Crimean War in 1855 on the side of France and Britain against Russia, a decision taken in the face of opposition from his ministerial colleagues. In the peace negotiations at the end of the war he used his new international position to play the European powers off against each other.

To Napoleon III he became a possible ally, partly because, as Mack Smith points out, the emperor after the attempt on his life by an Italian nationalist in 1858 "needed a government in Turin that would impose curbs on the press and destroy the prestige and influence of any political insurgents." In July 1858 a bargain was struck in melodramatic circumstances at a secret meeting at the resort of Plombières; Cavour traveled there incognito with a false passport and found all the hotels full. In return for French military support in an early war against Austria, the Piedmontese government would give up Nice (Garibaldi's birthplace) and Savoy (the original territorial base of Victor Emanuel's family) to France. King Victor Emanuel's 15-year-old daughter was thrown into the bargain; she was to marry the emperor's unattractive and middle-aged cousin, a fate that Cavour tried to mitigate by pointing out to the king, as Mack Smith puts it, "that Prince Napoleon must possess a kind heart since he always treated his many mistresses with consideration and generosity."

Wars seldom turn out as their initiators expect. In 1859 Cavour did not immediately get the gains for Piedmont for which he had hoped. For some six months he withdrew to private life. But he was the only politician in Piedmont, or indeed in all Italy, who could control the chain reaction that Austria's defeat set off throughout the peninsula, and in January 1860 he was once more in office, not only as prime minister but also as foreign minister and minister of the interior. The strain was too much for a constitution already undermined by the malaria endemic in his rice-growing estate at Leri. Within 18 months he was dead.

It seems likely that Cavour had not wanted an immediate takeover of the south, and would have preferred a longer period in which to consolidate Piedmont's gains in north and central Italy. Still, during his last 18 months a united Italy had been created. Here again Cavour demonstrated his ruthless opportunism when confronted with Garibaldi's success in conquering Sicily and Naples for King Victor Emanuel. He managed, in spite of setbacks, to take over the territory Garibaldi had won, while at the same time forcing Garibaldi himself, political innocent that he was, to lay down his power and

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go into voluntary exile on the island of Caprera. King Victor Emanuel was sovereign of a state that was to be governed under Piedmontese law and largely by Piedmontese administrators.

It was a triumph for Cavour's "fertility of expedients in foreign policy" and "sheer virtuosity in every branch of the political arts." (The phrases are Mack Smith's.) But in addition to the economic and social problems that Cavour left behind, he also left a fatal tradition that did much harm to Italy's reputation over the next hundred years—a tradition based on what Salandra, the prime minister in 1914, was to label "*Sacro egoismo.*" Or, as Cavour himself put it, "If we did for ourselves what we are doing for Italy we should be real scoundrels." Mack Smith's biography, by stressing Cavour's unscrupulousness and deviousness, raises fundamental questions about the relation of morality to political power that are still as acute, if not more so, than they were in the Italy of the Risorgimento.

JAMES JOLL

James Joll is emeritus professor of international history at the University of London.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

reading *Habits of the Heart* was that there have been social, cultural, psychological, and religious developments in this country that have convinced us Americans that politics doesn't matter. Exhilarating calls for a new participatory urge in the body politic are muted by our collective conviction that political participation is akin to attendance at professional football games. Sure, it might be a bit more exciting to be involved in the event of the game; but isn't it more appealing to watch the game on television at home, where instant replays and glib commentators can tell us what is going on?

Bellah and company want to dissect this kind of pop-cultural ennui. Barber seems to think we can ignore it all by rereading the founding documents of this country and by calling Americans to their political heritage. But, you see, those acts can be videotaped, too, for private consumption at our individual leisure. What Bellah et al. are trying to discover is how we get along in this society of ours, not how inspirational our dreams can be.

TERRY WARD
Princeton, New Jersey

TRB, *from page 4*

can't mobilize the entire economy for military production, but they don't need to either.

Second, an open society has practical advantages. The July 8 *Fortune* reports on the primitive state of the Soviet computer industry. The Soviets desperately need computers for both economic and military reasons, but dare not let computers develop out of a realistic fear that the arrival of PCs will undermine state thought-control. Closed societies waste vast resources on internal security, and lose a lot of competitive edge in the process.

Third, freedom and Western culture are priceless assets in the espionage, propaganda, and terror wars. While conservative intellectuals of the West fret about a few left-wing highbrows who aren't sufficiently critical of the Soviet Union, Communist bloc leaders must live with the knowledge that millions of their subjects go to bed dreaming of America. Unlike us, the Soviets have to worry that every diplomat they send abroad may decide to defect at any time. When recruiting spies, the Soviets must find an eccentric adventure-seeker like John Walker. We can approach any number of people who might reasonably long for escape. According to *The New York Times*, even several of the jihad-crazed terrorists of Beirut told the TWA hostages that they'd like their children to live in the United States.

Fourth, even though democratic governments must put up with a lot of carping, they know that the vast majority of their citizens—including the carpers—fundamentally support them. Oppressive regimes can jail the carpers, but are stuck with the silent dissenters. This limits their options. If the Soviets invaded Poland, could they trust their own troops to fight and Polish troops not to rebel? It may be harder for a democracy to start a war—as it should be—but it's easier for a democracy to fight one.

I wish the putative defenders of American liberty and democracy would show a bit more enthusiasm for these fine things. Instead, they criticize America's openness, its idealism, its raucous dissent as unsuitable to this cold world. They present its 18th-century values as disadvantages in battling the forces of the 20th century and the 12th. But then, they always blame America first.

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

Reflections on Gender and Science by Evelyn Fox Keller (Yale University Press). How men have shaped the scientific method, and women might help reshape it. (Reviewed 7/15&22/85)

Byron and Greek Love: Homophobia in 19th-Century England by Louis Crompton (University of California Press). A revealing chapter in the history of intolerance. (7/1/85)

Lives of the Saints by Nancy Lemann (Knopf). Coming of age in a daze in New Orleans. (6/24/85)

Slow Homecoming by Peter Handke, translated by Ralph Manheim (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Three metaphoric and metaphysical parables. (6/17/85)

Irving Babbitt: An Intellectual Study by Thomas E. Nevin (The University of North Carolina Press). An intellectual biography of humanism's stern champion. (6/17/85)

Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank by E. James Lieberman M.D. (Free Press). Another chapter in the history of psychoanalysis. (5/20/85)

The Heavens and the Earth: A Political History of the Space Age by Walter A. McDougall (Basic). The story of the state, the scientists, and the exploitation of the galaxy. (6/3/85)

Women and Angels by Harold Brodkey (The Jewish Publication Society of America). Two ordinary fragments of a long-awaited novel, and a third remarkable one: the portrait of a revelation. (5/20/85)

The Call: An American Missionary in China by John Hersey (Knopf). An unsentimental saga of one Christian's half-century in China. (5/13/85)

The Kindness of Strangers: The Life of Tennessee Williams by Donald Spoto (Little, Brown). A thorough life of the carousing playwright. (5/13/85)

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Suicidal Urges

NO SOONER HAD Ronald Reagan resolved his differences with the Shiite terrorists than he was confronted by America's best-known anarchist. Mitch Snyder, the leader of the Community for Creative Non-Violence and a self-anointed spokesman for the homeless, has long been setting off little explosives under the seat of government. At first the administration dismissed him as a minor nuisance, which was possible when the CCNV's gestures of protest were purely symbolic, and patently silly. A few years ago they plucked 100 cockroaches from their living quarters and released them in the White House State Dining Room—a reminder, they told Sandra Boodman of *The Washington Post*, that only roaches could survive a nuclear war. As their tactics became more sophisticated and their demands more concrete, the administration tried a different response: appeasement. Snyder was given the vast, tumbledown federal building at 425 Second Street Northwest for use in the winter months as a temporary shelter for the homeless, and when he began making noises again in the spring, the government extended the lease. Then, during the final weeks of the presidential campaign, Snyder staged a hunger strike to publicize the administration's refusal to pay for repairs on the building. A few days before the election Reagan finally relented, and thus began an improbable partnership between the federal government and the flamboyant anarchist. Together, the two proclaimed, they would transform the house of horrors into a national example of humane, enlightened care. But the administration didn't really intend to get into the business of housing the homeless any more than Snyder intended to refrain from dramatizing the inherent evils of government. As the two sides squabbled over expenses and blueprints, the partnership and the building and the residents deteriorated. The shelter is a model of anarchism in action. Its 800 or so residents raise hell. Drugs and alcohol flow freely, and violence is as common as lice. Now the administration has had enough. It wants to raze the building and let the city find smaller facilities for Snyder's people. Snyder retaliated by organizing a march on the White House and filing a lawsuit against "Ronald Reagan et al." What does all of this have to do with solving the crisis of homelessness? Not much. But Snyder's turbulent relationship with the Reaganites has done wonders for his career. He sold a TV screenwriter the rights to his story for $50,000. If the docudrama airs, he'll get another $100,000. Stay tuned.

TRB CLAIMS that nobody reads books anymore. People still buy them, he says, but only because they've read the reviews and succumbed to the publishers' hype. He's wrong. Even here in Washington, where people go to book parties for authors they've never heard of and comfortably chat for hours about a new political biography they'll never open, some books are still read—passionately. My host at a recent dinner party was so absorbed in his descriptions of scenes out of Evan Connell's book about Custer and the Battle of the Little Bighorn, *Son of the Morning Star*, that he let the lamb sizzle untended on the grill. (I couldn't even pretend to have read it, since I'd neglected the reviews.) Another friend turned out to be an ardent fan too, and passed the book on. *Son of the Morning Star* is hardly a typical Washington best seller, and Connell is certainly no James Michener. In fact, it is just the kind of book that is shunned by marketing mavens and shrewd acquisitions editors. A long, discursive analysis of the Plains Indian wars and yet another rehash of Custer's suicidal charge into American history? Clearly a natural for a small, specialized publisher like Northpoint Press in Berkeley, with its sewn bindings, creamy, acid-free paper, and delicate covers. Even our lofty literary department here at TNR gave it no more than a cursory glance when the galleys arrived from Northpoint last year. But the book caught on among readers. In Connell's leisurely expeditions across the battlefields he stops frequently to gossip about alcoholic officers and blubbering soldiers; to explain scalping techniques among different tribes; and to undermine some of the most cherished myths about his balding, foolhardy, much despised hero. By now *Son of the Morning Star* has been showered with more than 200 reviews. Connell got a profile in *People* magazine and an award from the National Book Critics Circle. It recently returned to *The New York Times* best-seller list, where it sat for 22 consecutive weeks. It is in its seventh printing, and Harper & Row has bought the paperback rights for a hefty $225,000. But skip the reviews and the hype, and take my advice. Read the book.

UPWARDLY MOBILE has been given new meaning lately. Dabbling in squash after work and an occasional 10k race on weekends were only the beginning. Now there's the triathlon. What started off as the Ironman competition in Hawaii—a brutal sequence of long-distance swimming, bicycling, and running—has become the favorite sport of steely Boston grad students, Washington lawyers, and California fitness fanatics. "Triple-threat athletes unite," *USA Today* declared ominously in a recent headline announcing the current series of races around the country. Sounds like an event to avoid, but I was morbidly curious, and went off to watch one. Maryland's Gunpowder State Park was swarming with 1,300 sleek creatures whose bodies were as well oiled and tuned as their bicycles. They were initiated with a ritual called "dropping trou," in which they let their jeans fall to their ankles and bared their thighs for branding with a number in black Magic Marker. The lemmings were off. In their multicolored spandex tri-suits, bathing caps, and goggles, they flocked to the water and plunged in. All survived. Blue-lipped but determined, they charged up the hillside, snatching pre-peeled bananas as they went. The pros leaped onto their bicycles still dripping; others stripped naked on the tarmac and threw on dry clothes. We caught up with them, by car, in Baltimore just as they staggered across the finish line of the running race, eyes glazed, howling with joy. There has been some speculation lately that Yuppie consumerism is destroying the world. Don't worry. Yuppies are intent on consuming themselves, not society, while others look on amazed.

D.W.

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